THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 68. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 732 SANSOM ST PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1888. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 17

THE LEAVES.

BY ROBIN ALLEN.

Not yet a rustling carpet for our feet,
Not yet down trodden into merest mire;
Bright glancing gems, clear flames of amber fire,
Once "glad light green," then bronzed by summer's heat,
Upon the topmost boughs they still keep seat,
Leaves of Life's tree, born heavenward to aspire,
Now tremulous with passionful desire
The mystery of changeful Death to meet!—
And it awaits them: ay, awaits us all,
However gleamingly our souls' leaves play
In spiritual ether—gleam—and play—and fall,
And all we know is that we must obey.
May He, who never lifts the veiling pall
But to enfold, renew us!—through decay.

A GOLDEN PRIZE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED).

THE young fellow smiled and sipped his champagne reflectively.

"Our hero—a pretty sort of hero!—would have shaken off the dust of Trotter's Flat pretty quickly, but there happened to be a man there with whom he struck up a sort of acquaintance, and this acquaintance kept him on. He had been in the army, this man, and was called 'the Major': a dapper swell—even in his ragged old mining suit—played a good hand at cards, talked like a clock, or a man on the stage, and acted the part of a good fellow; he made up to our young friend, and proposed a partnership! They were to work together and share profits——"

"My dear Desmond," faltered the major; "is—is this necessary?"

"Find the story rather dull, up to the present?" It will be more amusing presently, major! They did work together, and they worked hard: at least, the young fellow did, and the major assisted by looking on with all his might. They hadn't much luck, but if they only made enough to keep the pot boiling they didn't complain. Take it altogether they were not unhappy! The major, as I have remarked, was a pleasant sort of fellow, and full of good stories, and he and his partner used to spend their evenings in their hut in the diggers' camp, and were not bored to death. Of course they talked of what they should do when they had 'made their pile'—every digger does! The major talked about going back to England, to his little girl—his wife died before he came out—and his partner talked about going to England, too; not that he had any little girl to go to, or any friends, for the matter of that! His family had cut up rough with him and shunted him. He told the major all about his people, and the major bade him cheer up, and assured him that when he went back to England a millionaire—diggers are never satisfied with looking forward to anything less than a million!—the young fellow would find his great people quite ready to forget the past, and awfully pleased to see him! Are you getting tired, major?"

The major raised his head from his hand, on which he had been supporting it, his elbow on the table; then resumed his attitude of anxious and impatient resignation.

"She'n't be long now. Well, strange to say, the firm of 'Major & Co.,' did strike luck. It was the junior partner who did it, of course. The major happened to be playing cards in the saloon at the time. The youngster struck luck, and struck it deep. Those dreams had come true; he and the major were rich men. The major could go home to his little girl as soon as he liked, the young fellow could return to England, and take his place among respectable people. They sat up the night of his luck, talking it all over, making plans, and revelling in the golden future. Perhaps they revelled too much, or perhaps the junior partner had been working too hard, that night he fell ill—camp fever, and he'd got it bad. He was ill for weeks, off his head most of the time, and, of course, his friend and partner, the major, nursed him through it; I say, of course; his friend, whom he had made rich, stuck to the lad in his trouble, and nursed him like a mother!

He stopped and looked straight into the white face opposite him, and the major, as if unable to bear the stern gaze, got up from his chair, moved to and fro uneasily, and then sank down again.

"You'd think so," resumed Desmond musingly, and with bitter cynicism. "They had been close friends; the youngster was the one who had really earned the money, and not only that, he had nursed the partner when he was down with the camp fever, some months before. But if you think so, you do the major injustice. When the young fellow came to—to find all the hair off his bones, he found also that his dear friend and partner had taken his departure. He had disappeared two days after the youngster's attack, and had thoughtfully taken their joint fortune with him. In a word"—and he flung the end of his cigar in the fire, and crossed his arms—"the major, this officer in Her Majesty's service, this man who always prided himself on being a gentleman, was a heartless, ungrateful scamp, and an unmitigated scoundrel!"

The major looked from right to left, his face livid, his lips trembling. He tried to speak, but the words, whatever they may have been, dropped inaudibly from his dry, hot lips.

"The name of this polished and amusing gentleman was Meddon; the young fellow's was Desmond Carr Lyon," resumed the other after a moment's silence. "When he got well enough he made up his mind, of course, that he would go for his friend the major if he had to track him round the globe. The major had not left any address, but he had, strange to say, left a note. It was strange. It was a piece of weakness which was singularly inconsistent; but I suppose at the last moment the major felt that that he really could not leave his friend and partner without a word of farewell. It is an interesting little note. I'll read it to you."

As he spoke he put his hand in the pocket of his worn jacket and drew out a pocket book. From this he took a yellow and soiled sheet of paper.

"Here it is:

"'Dear Desmond—I am going back to my little girl. Don't think too badly of me. I'll pay you back some day. You will have another slice of luck, please Heaven. EARNEST MADDON.'

Nice, pious kind of gentleman, don't you think, this major? The young fellow got better, and he started off in pursuit. But the major was really a clever man, and he had managed to leave false clues here and there, and this swindled party got tired of hunting for him. Besides, what would have been the use? The major, amongst his other charming vices, was a confirmed gambler: long before the avenger could reach him the money would be gone. So he went on from year to year until at last he got the homesickness, which is as bad as a camp fever, and he managed to make his way to England. He had forgotten all about the major; it is scarcely necessary to say that he didn't believe in the 'little girl'; she was a creation of the major's fertile imagination, no doubt. He had no idea of finding that gentleman, no particular wish, and it was altogether by accident that he came across the major outside of his own gate."

The young fellow reached forward and got another cigar and lit it leisurely, keeping his eyes fixed on the major's face; then he resumed slowly, puffing his cigar between the sentences with evident enjoyment.

"He found the major—in clover. Beautifully dressed—he had been dining out!—with a diamond stud in his shirt front; he lived in a nice house, well furnished, with a fifty-guinea sideboard"—looking round the room—"handsome plate, nice pictures—oh, evidently in clover; while the young man was seedy and out at elbows, with nothing—no! a shilling in his pocket and a penny roll in his stomach. Truly, vice is always punished, and virtue is triumphant; and honesty is always the best policy!"

The major wiped the cold perspiration from his face, and stretched out a hand imploringly.

"And now you want to know what the injured man is going to do?"

The major broke in with a kind of groan, and said:

"Desmond, I swear to you, I give you my word of honor, I—for Heaven's sake, don't be hard upon me! It—it was a strong temptation! I—I did it in a moment! It wasn't for myself, but for—for my little girl——"

The young fellow smiled incredulously.

"Your little girl! Major, you are incorrigible. I might have believed in the little girl once—like a fool, I did; but not now! No, major; accomplished liar as you are, that plea will not deceive me. Shall I tell you what I am going to do?"

He rose as he spoke, and leaning against the mantel-shelf, looked down on the shrinking, grovelling man.

"What ought I to do? Think of it! To leave the man who had made a fortune for him; to leave him to die out in the wilds of Trotter's Flat, and to seize the opportunity when he was helpless on his back, to rob him of every penny of his share of the money he had risked his life to get! What should such a man deserve? Think of the time that the young fellow had to spend after his loss; think of the months and years of hard life, of semi-starvation, of ceaseless toil, of hope deferred, and grim despair! What atonement can that scoundrel make, do you think? Give me an answer, major!"

The wretched man rose and leant against the table, clinging to it for support.

"Desmond," broke in a whine from his parched lips. "Have mercy—I'll give you ——" he stopped, and his cunning eyes dropped. "It's no use promising, Des. I'm poor—I swear I am!"

The young man glanced round the room and smiled.

"Yes, you look poor! That fifty-guinea sideboard was a present from your admiring friends; the plate, ditto; that diamond stud you found in the road. You miserable wretch!" he broke out, for the first time permitting his smouldering passion to leap into flame, "you cowardly hound!" and he seized him by the collar of his coat and held him at arm's length, "do you think I am going to levy blackmail on you? Do you think I am one of your breed? Do you think I've come to bleed you?" and he flung him from him, and the major fell sprawlingly in the chair. "No! To-morrow, as soon as it is light, I am going to march you to the nearest magistrate, with that precious note of yours pinned on your shirt front—right under the diamond there!—and I'll leave him to deal with you!"

His passion had brought the color to the young fellow's pale face, and the light to his dark eyes, and as he stood looking down upon the unmasked old scoundrel, his appearance was magnificent and awe-inspiring.

The major crouched lower and still lower, until he almost knelt at his victim's feet.

"Desmond, have mercy!" he whined. "I'm—I'm an old man! I—I swear I thought you were dead——"

He stopped suddenly, as if something in his words had struck him with fresh terror.

"I—I mean," he stammered, "I heard you were dead! Desmond, I am a poor man; I am indeed. But you shall have all I've got. I've got a little—fifty, a hundred pounds. You shall have them. They're yours; I admit it! I wish there was more! Take them, my dear Desmond; oh, take them!"

"Get up," said Desmond, with grim contempt. "Don't be afraid that I shall take any of your money. Get up, you make me sick!"

"Take it, take it!" almost wailed the major. "You are poor—you want money ——"

"Get up!" said the young man sternly. "You make me hate myself for coming near you."

"But take the notes, Desmond," whined the major. "What will you do—here without money?"

"Nothing," was the cold reply. "I am not going to remain in England. Once I have seen you safely in jail, major, I leave it forever. Get up and"—he smiled bitterly—"compose yourself. I have given you your notice—the nearest magistrate!"

The major got up and shuffled to a cabinet, tore it open, and shuffled back with a roll of notes.

"See here, Des; look, my dear boy!" he moaned. "Take 'em—and let me off! For the sake of old times, for the sake of my child—think of her, Desmond, for Heaven's sake, think of her——"

"I would if I could believe in her existence," said Desmond, with a laugh.

"I'm speaking the truth, I—I swear it!" wailed the major. "Desmond, don't be hard on me. Look here, I'm a poor man. I lost the money almost directly. I did! I did! No luck ever comes to—to money ill-gotten——"

"You old hypocrite! You sublimated Pecksniff!" exclaimed the young man. "Hold your tongue, or I'll drag you out now!"

"Listen to me, Desmond. This money—you can do so much with it. Out there—Nevada, anywhere—a young fellow could make a fortune with it. Take it, Desmond—I'll send you more; I'll do anything if—you let me off!" and in the extravagance of his fear he seized the young man's hand and tried to force the notes within it.

With an ejaculation of disgust and contempt, Desmond tore his hand away.

"You white livered cur!" he said, with flashing eyes. "If I had had a spark of compunction you'd have put it out! If you had met me like a man, if you'd pulled a revolver and faced me, or plucked up a bit of courage and dared me, I could have felt some kind of pity for you. But to crawl at my feet and whine about your fictitious girl—bah!" and he stretched his shoulders. "you make me sick, I tell you. What, spare such a creeping snake as you! why you'd use your liberty to rob the next young fellow who came in your power. Keep off; don't touch me, or I won't answer for myself! It's hard to keep one's hands off you as it is; you miserable old

scoundrel!"

As he spoke, as the last words rang clearly though not loudly through the room, the front door was heard to open, and steps in the hall.

The major started, and with a cry of terror sprang to the door, turned the key, and set his back to it.

"Des—Des——" he gasped. "For Heaven's sake, have mercy! Don't—don't speak! Keep quiet! Have mercy on me! I've told you the truth! She's come home—she's outside! Have pity on me, Desmond—I'll—I'll do anything, but don't—don't speak before her!"

The young man eyed him with astonishment, but before he could make any response, a voice, soft and musical and full—the voice of a girl at its best and sweetest—was heard outside and the handle of the door was turned.

"Papa! Are you up still? Are you in there?"

Desmond Carr-Lyon started and looked searchingly in the white face of the major, still lying against the door with his hand on the handle.

After all it was true, then, there was a daughter. The major, white to the lips, watched his companion's face in an agony of apprehension; the clock ticking on the mantel-shelf was the only sound for a moment or two, then the sweet voice spoke again.

"Papa, what is the matter? Why have you locked the door?"

The major made a gesture of entreaty, and Desmond motioned to him to unlock the door. The major hastily arranged his coat, drove the hunted look from his face, and forcing a smile, opened the door, and Kitty entered.

There was still the flush on her cheek which the cold air had produced, though the locked door and the silence in the room had alarmed her, and her lovely eyes were sparkling, and she came in like a vision of youth and grace and beauty.

"Why, papa!" she exclaimed, and then stopped short at sight of the tall figure by the fire.

For a moment she did not recognise him. Between the cold and half-starved man, sitting like a tramp by the wayside, with his wan, haggard face leaning on his hand, and this young man, warmed by food and wine there was an appreciable distance. For a moment she stared, then her face crimsoned, and she looked from him to her father, and then back again.

And Desmond Carr-Lyon? He made no movement, uttered not a word; but his face which had been bright with color, grew pale, and the dark eyes which met her astonished gaze were filled with a strange expression.

He recognized it at once. It was the girl who looked at him so pityingly had spoken so gently, had mistaken him for a tramp, had given him a shilling!

What a world of thought can flash through the brain, what a tumult of emotion can sweep over the heart in a couple of short seconds!

Before the young fellow there seemed to pass a panorama of his life.

The hard, toilful years, brightened by nothing more tangible than the vague hope, a restless desire!

He saw the hut in the miner's camp in which he had dreamt—through many a night of exhausted sleep—dreamt of the one woman who Heaven had intended for him, but whom he had not yet met.

Through all the vulgar vice and squalid dissipation of that rough camp he had kept his soul white, and his record clean; for ever before him floated mysteriously the face of the girl who was waiting for him somewhere, the face of the girl whom he could not even picture, but for which his heart was yearning.

And now she stood before him! Like a flash of lightning he knew it. She was there. It was for her that he had been waiting, for her his heart had been aching these long years.

And she was the daughter of the man who had deserted him at Death's door, and robbed him in the hour of need.

His daughter! Great Heavens do grapes grow on thistles, can one gather honey from a stone?

Could it be possible that this lovely creature, with the pure clear eyes, which seemed but as windows to the soul, could it be possible that she was his child, the daughter of this heartless old scoundrel?

Pale, and quivering with an emotion he could not understand, he stood and met her sweet blue eyes in that swift passage of time.

Then the major spoke. His voice sounded rather husky and false, and his smile was like a grin in its attempt at free and easy geniality.

"Why Kate, I thought you had come home and gone to bed! I must have locked the door by accident. Er—er—the fact is I have had a pleasant surprise, my dear. An old friend—a—er—a very dear friend. I haven't seen for the last—er—ten years, he happened to run against me to-night. Let me introduce him, Clifford—with a swift glance of entreaty at Desmond—"Ahem, Clifford, my dear boy, this is my daughter, my daughter. Kate, my old friend—er—ahem, Clifford Raven——"

The young man's face flushed, and he opened his lips as if about to speak swiftly and angrily; then the color went again and he remained silent. He bowed, but Kitty held out her hand.

"I'm very glad to see you," said the sweet voice a little tremulous, and she raised her eyes to his face appealing for forgiveness for the mistake she had made, the indignity she had inflicted.

He took the hand—she had drawn off her glove—and it fluttered in his strong palm like a warm, frightened bird; took it and held it for a second, his dark eyes looking into hers.

"Thank you," he said.

Thank you! The two words, the same she had heard from his lips in the lane sent the blood to her face, then left it rather white and piteous.

"Have you—have you come far?" she asked in a low voice, feeling that she must say something or burst into tears.

Idiot that she had been to mistake him with his graceful figure and handsome, noble face for anything but a gentleman.

"Very far," he said, and his voice was almost as low as hers. "From the other side of the ocean, Miss—Meddon."

"Er—Mr. Raven has just returned from Australia, my dear," said the major, rubbing his hands and nodding smilingly. "From Australia," and he looked at Desmond. "We have been talking over old times, when we used to be—to be at school together. Never was so delighted to see anybody in my life!"

"I am very glad you have come back, for papa's sake," she said shyly.

Glad he had come back! If she only knew!

The young man tried to speak, but feeling that he could only say "thank you" again, merely bowed.

"Yes,—ahem!—and now it is so late, I am sure Mr. Raven will excuse you, won't you,—er—Clifford?"

"Yes," said Desmond; "I should be sorry to keep Miss Meddon up."

Kitty looked at the table.

"Is there anything I can get, papa? Have you told Mary Mr. Raven will stay? I will go and see that his room is ready!"

"I'm sorry to say that I can't persuade him to stay with us, my dear," said the major before Desmond could speak. "I've tried all I know, but he is a confirmed wanderer, and likes bachelor quarters. He is staying at the hotel."

Desmond did not contradict him and the major heaved a sigh of relief.

"I am sorry you will not stay with us," said Kitty. "But you will come to-morrow?" and she held out her hand.

Once more he took it, and this time his strong fingers closed around it with a distinct pressure, and it was, though she knew it not, a pledge and a promise.

"Thank you, we will see. My movements are rather uncertain——"

"A regular nomad, a complete wandering Arab, my dear. But leave him to me; I dare say I can persuade him to pay us a visit; he'll come and dine with us; eh, Clifford?"

"Yes, do," she said, not in the conventional voice which means, "For goodness sake, don't!" but in a low earnest tone.

Desmond neither refused nor accepted.

"Good night," he said.

"Good night," she returned.

Their eyes met; his with a grave, sad regard; hers with a pleading "Forgive me!" expression.

Then she turned and left the room, and the light, the sweetness, the poetry with which her presence seemed to fill it went with her.

Desmond Carr-Lyon turned round, and leaning his elbow on the mantel-piece, gazed into the fire.

The major, breathing heavily, as an actor does, after a long and trying part, tremblingly caught at his glass and drank a draught of the brandy and water; then wiped his face and crept towards his companion.

"Desmond!" hoarsely, "it was true you see. I didn't lie!"

"You didn't. Marvellous!" was the response in a low voice, and without raising his head.

"You see what a—beautiful creature she is, Desmond? You can—can understand what I feel! For Heaven's sake don't expose me! She's an innocent girl. She loves me, Desmond,"—which was true,—"and I love her, Desmond; she is the apple of my eye," which was false, the only person the major loved being—Major Meddon! "Don't show me up before her, have pity on her, if you haven't any on me! You—you may be a father yourself some day, Desmond! Think what it would be if—if some fellow dragged a little slip of yours to light. I did wrong, I behaved badly, I own it. I am sorry! If I had the money I'd hand it back. I would, I would so help me Heaven! But I haven't. I'll give you all I have! You take the notes now, Des? and you'll go away? There's no use in staying here you know; there's nothing to be done in England! Go abroad, Des, my boy. I'll send you more money as soon as I can. I swear it."

The young man still stood with a grave, thoughtful, downcast face. He scarcely heard the hoarse, whining voice, did not see the fire into which he stared; it was the girl's voice that rang in his ears, the girl's face and its dark eloquent eyes he was looking at! Kate Meddon! And this man's daughter!

The major grew more anxious and alarmed.

"If there was any chance of your doing anything in England I'd say, stay; but there isn't," he went on. "None at all. You know that. What can a man who is a gentleman and knows nothing of business get to do in England? And—and"—he made an imperceptible pause, and his cunning eyes glanced up at the grave, thoughtful face—"and there is no chance of your getting the Carr-Lyon title, you know: there's too many lives between you and it, isn't there, Des?"

He waited and watched. The young man said nothing. There was no change, no look of suspicion on the grave, handsome face.

"No! Take the money and my advice; so go abroad, my dear boy, and—and take the blessing of a father with you!" and, inspired by this benevolent and pious generosity, the major ventured to lay his hand fearfully on the young man's arm.

As if the touch had awakened him, Desmond Carr-Lyon drew his arm away, and, raising his head, began to button up his coat.

The major watched him in an agony of fear.

The young fellow turned up his coat collar, and took up his hat: then he looked at the major, a strange look of contempt and loathing, and yet melancholy and regret: loathing for the man, and regret that she should be his daughter.

"I am going," he said. "Don't speak, please," for the major had opened his lips. "I am going, and I let you off! Not a word, or I may change my mind!"—sternly. "I spare you, not for your sake or my own, but for hers! I spare you on two conditions; the first, that you never tell her one word of your vile—of your 'little slip!' that won't be a hard condition, I think!—the other, that you act well by her. You are the sort of unnatural cur who would rob and betray your own mother, your own child. Act wrongly by her, and I will come and send you to jail. Yes, if I have to come from the other end of the world to do it. You know me!"

He moved towards the door; the major followed him cringingly.

"Heaven bless you, Des!" he whined, wiping away imaginary tears; "you—you always were a noble fellow, always! Heaven—and a father bless you! Stop; you have forgotten the notes," and he took them from the pocket in which he had thrust them when Kate knocked—cunningly and secretly abstracted half, and forced the remainder into Desmond's open hand.

The young man took them, rolled them up into a ball, and dropped them at the major's feet. Then without a word of farewell, he went out into the night. It was raining in the usual ghastly, October fashion.

As the gate closed after him, he stopped and looked up at the house. A light was burning in one of the bed-room windows.

"My angel—my angel!" he murmured; then with bent head walked on.

The major stood listening to his departing footsteps, picked up the notes and straightened them, then sank into the chair and clasped his forehead with both his hands.

"Heaven!" he muttered hoarsely. "What an escape! What an escape!" and he drew a heavy breath. "It was the sight of her did it! Nothing else, nothing else! Desmond Carr-Lyon here in England, and knows nothing! No, he knows nothing! Let me think!"

He did think, and to some purpose, for he sprang up suddenly and paced to and fro.

"Desmond Carr-Lyon! And—and smitten by Kate! Heaven and earth, what a fool I have been! If I had only waited! But it is too late—too late! That hound has got me fast as a vice! Too late! Oh, what a cursed fool! What is to be done? Nothing, nothing! The thing must go on. It is too late to alter it. Too late!"

Yes, it was too late for the major, because he had sworn that he had seen Desmond Carr-Lyon die, and had buried him, and the law punishes that kind of perjury with penal servitude! It was too late to proclaim the fact that the young fellow tramping through the cold and rain was the Right Honorable the Earl of Carr-Lyon.

CHAPTER IV.

KATE, or Kitty, as she was generally called, was the belle of Sandford. To be a belle one must be beautiful, but one must be something more. Kate was not only beautiful, but sweet-natured and clever. It was impossible not to admire her, equally impossible not to love her.

I wish I could draw her, in all her youth and beauty; but what word picture, however minute and elaborate, could adequately represent a young girl just out of her teens, upon whom the gods have lavished health, sense and loveliness? As well try to convey the scent of the rose, the color of an Italian sunset, the emerald gloss and glitter of the Lake of Geneva!

Now, being all this, and the belle of Sandford into the bargain, Kitty might have been happy; but, although she did not go about crying "Willow, willow!" like the young lady in the play, there was a certain vague sadness in her dark, deep eyes, a touch of wistfulness in her sweet, low voice which does not belong to any happy girl.

Her life had been a strange and a lonely one. Her mother she could not remember, she having died when Kitty was a baby, and of her father she had known nothing until he came when she was about ten and took her away from the people who had taken charge of her during her early childhood.

Kitty had a loveable nature, and was quite prepared to love the stranger and well-known father who appeared on the scene so suddenly and whose past was so mysterious, but the major was the kind of man whom it was difficult for even so sweet-natured a girl as Kitty to love.

Reluctantly, and with many a heartache, she was soon to discover that the beautifully-dressed, carefully-preserved, elegant-mannered major was selfish and cold-hearted. The past whatever it may have been, hung between them like a cloud, or a pall—a barrier Kitty could not pass through or break down.

Then, girl-like, she unconsciously looked round for someone to love: for woman, to be happy, must love something or someone. Sometimes failing a lover, or a husband, or a child, they concentrate their affection on a pet dog or canary. There was no one in Sandford to whom Kate's young affections could cling, and she was not the girl to take to tame pets.

So she lived alone. Her "soul was like a star and dwelt apart." To her, the sea—that not even Sandford could render commonplace—was a daily companion; she got into the way of walking along the sands and listening to the plash of the waves when the sea was calm, and the dull roar of the billows when the wind was high, and both of the voices seemed intelligible to her.

The gulls, whose white wings dipped the foam, seemed in sympathy with her in her restless wistfulness. Oh, there is nothing so mysterious—the music of the breeze, or the shells that lie fathoms deep beneath the ocean—as a maiden's mind!

What was it that Kate thought about as she wandered by herself on the sea's margin, and by the high cliffs that led to frowning Hartland? Was it love? If so, there was very little food for such thought. Most of the men at Sandford were old or middle-aged; retired officers with red noses and no livers; and the only young man, the curate, whose nose was as white as the rest of his face, was not likely to suggest romantic reflections to Kate.

There was no young man, excepting the curate, until Lord Carr-Lyon appeared. And him Kate hated at first sight, for there was something about him which made her soul shrink with instinctive antipathy.

How her father had come to know him was never quite clear to her, though the major talked of him as quite an old friend. But one thing was getting clear to her, and that was her father was trying to present Lord Carr-Lyon in a most favorable

aspect and endeavoring to interest her in him.

Lord Carr-Lyon had been in Sandford some weeks now, and though he was supposed to be occupied in looking after the alterations which were being made at Lydcote, the great place he had bought, he seemed always about the parade, or the High Street, and always in Kate's way, to her annoyance.

She tried to be pleasant and friendly—for was he not her father's friend?—but it was hard work, and the more she tried, the more she hated his pale, dissipated face, with its half-impudent, half-cunning smile, and his thin strident voice. He was an earl, with a rent-roll of, oh—so many thousands a year; but Kate knew that he was a cad and a fraud, and she loathed him.

Why had he come to Sandford and bought Lydcote, instead of settling down at his own place, Caresford?—and why was her father so thick with him?

The problem troubled her against her will, and she found herself, for want of something else to think about, dwelling upon it until—until she saw "the tramp" in the lane, and came home at night to find him in her father's dining-room.

It was the turning point in her life. She went up-stairs after that long look in which his eyes had met hers with so grave and sad a steadfastness, her heart beating fast, a strange emotion thrilling her as no emotion had ever yet thrilled her.

Up-stairs in her room she could hear the murmur of their voices—her father's and that of the young man whom her father named Clifford Raven—and she listened, trying to distinguish the young fellow's deep and grave voice.

Then, as she listened, she heard the footsteps in the hall and the door close.

Who was he, and why had her father never mentioned him? She forgot, when she asked herself the question, that her father never mentioned anyone that was connected with his past life, over which fell a veil which he never for a moment lifted.

Kate slept little that night, and when she did sleep, the stranger, Clifford Raven, came to her in her dreams; once with a shilling in his hand and a strange smile on his face.

When she came down in the morning, she found the major already seated at the breakfast table; but it did not seem as if hunger had driven him there, for there was nothing upon his plate but a piece of dry toast, and in place of his coffee cup was a glass of brandy and water. As he looked up covertly, with a forced smile she saw that he was pale, and that there were dark lines about his eyes which were not usually there.

She went round to him, and kissed his forehead, which was hot and dry, and said:

"I am afraid I am late, papa."

"Are you? Er—yes, I think you are. But I'm early. I didn't wait, because I promised Lord Carr-Lyon I'd meet him at Lydcote at half-past ten. He wants me to see how they are getting on, and—er—give him my advice about the decorations."

He paused, and made a great show of buttering his piece of toast; then he added:

"Ahem! perhaps you would like to go with me, Kate?"

"I?" she said, surprised. "Oh, no, thank you, papa; I should be intruding!"

"No, you wouldn't," he said. "The fact is, Carr-Lyon asked me to bring you."

Her face flushed faintly, but she kept her eyes fixed on her cup.

"It was very kind of him, but I don't think I will go, if you don't mind."

"But I do mind," he said quietly and yet sullenly. "Why shouldn't you go with me? I think it's deuced kind of Lord Carr-Lyon to ask you!"

Kate remained silent, and her silence seemed to exasperate him.

"Deuced kind! I should like to know whether any other girl in the place would refuse such an invitation. By George, they would jump at it! But it seems to me——" with an angry glance from under his lids—"that you consider yourself a kind of—er—Queen of Sheba."

"I don't know why the Queen of Sheba in particular should decline to go to Lydcote, papa," said Kate smiling.

"Oh, if you are going to be witty!" he retorted with a sneer. "I tell you what it is, Kate, you want a little plain speaking."

She raised her eyes, and his own fell under them.

"It's no use mincing matters," he said. "You are not a child, and you are not a fool, and that being so you must have seen for yourself that Lord Carr-Lyon—ahem—intends to make himself pleasant and agreeable."

Kate thought what a failure the intention proved but said nothing.

"Ever since he has been here he has paid you all kinds of attentions, I don't know what more you want."

"I do not want Lord Carr-Lyon to pay me any attentions whatever, papa," she said in a low voice.

The major set his teeth.

"Oh, you don't! I suppose he is not good enough for you. Heaven and earth, is it a marquis or a duke you are waiting for?"

Kate looked up suddenly and her face paled.

He had never spoken to her like this before, never with such brutal coarseness!

"Papa!" she exclaimed.

The major snapped at his toast, and a dull red crept into his pale face.

"Kate, you are enough to try the patience of a saint!" he said as a kind of sullen excuse. "You—you appear to have no notion of—er—doing the best for yourself: while I—er—I'm thinking of your future all day long. This Lord Carr-Lyon——"

"Do not let us speak of Lord Carr Lyon any more, papa," she said quietly, her lips quivering, the unfrequent tears very near her lids. "Has Mr. Raven left Sandford this morning?"

The major stared at her, then his face grew paler, and his hand went out to the brandy and water.

"Raven? Oh, yes, Clarence Raven——"

"Clifford!" said Kate quickly with faint surprise.

"Clifford,—I mean Clifford," he said hastily. "My head aches so this morning that I don't remember my own name. It's the club champagne. I do believe it's rank poison. Clifford Raven?—oh, yes, he left this morning. He has important business in London."

"Is he a very old friend of yours?" she said. "You never spoke of him I think."

"Yes, a very old friend," replied the major looking sideways at the coffee pot, and avoiding her eyes. "I—I—er—knew his parents. You don't expect me to talk of all the people I knew before you were born?"

"Before I was born?" she said with a smile. "Mr. Raven does not look much older than me, you must have known him when I was a child, papa."

The major got another piece of toast, though half his first piece remained in his plate.

"Yes, yes," he said.

"Who is he, papa?" she asked after a moment's pause.

"Who is he?" he repeated, the dusky red creeping into his face, his eyes glowing at her half-angrily, half-suspiciously: "what on earth do you mean?" Then as Kate looked at him with grave surprise, "You are as bad as a catechism, this morning! I tell you he is an old friend of mine. I met him years ago——" he hesitated, then as it struck by an idea, he said, "Look here, Kate; don't ask me anything about this fellow—er—Raven. I know no good about him."

Kate looked up with quick and sad surprise.

"No good! and he looked so—he is a gentleman, papa!"

"A gentleman—oh, yes," assented the major, fidgeting with his eyeglass. "But a man may be a gentleman, and yet a bad lot—that is shaky and risky."

"Do you mean that this Mr. Raven has done anything—dishonorable, papa?" she asked with an anxiety of which she was only half conscious.

The major rose, cleared his throat, pulled up his collar with an air of virtuous impatience.

"My dear Kate, I must say you seem remarkably anxious about this—er—this young man."

Kate's face flushed a second, then she met her father's eyes steadily.

"And—er—not only curious, but—er—er—slightly obtuse. I should think you might see that I don't care to talk about the man."

"I see that—yes," said Kate gently.

The major started slightly and eyed her suspiciously.

"At any rate, I can tell you this much—er—Clifford Raven is not the—er—kind of a man I should care for you to know. His visit here last night was quite an accident; quite. I couldn't very well turn him from the door——"

"No, poor fellow," said Kate, almost to herself, as she remembered his pale face and threadbare clothes.

"Although, perhaps, it was my duty to have done so. But I am—ahem!—not the kind of a man to forget an old friend, even though he has proved himself unworthy of—er—my friendship."

"I am very sorry," said Kate; and she sighed.

"Why on earth should you be sorry?" he demanded testily.

"Because he looked so poor and unhappy," she said, thinking of him as she had seen him in the lane, when she had taken him for a tramp. "Is trouble any the less hard to bear because one has brought it on oneself and deserved it? And he is so young, too, papa! Did you—did you give him any money?" and as she asked the question her face flushed and her eyes grew downcast.

The question, recalling as it did the scene of the preceding night, almost drove the major mad.

"Did I give him any money? Of course I didn't; that is—he wouldn't take it."

Kate looked up quickly.

"Oh, papa! then he cannot be altogether bad now, poor fellow!"

The major grew hot and buttoned his spruce morning coat round his carefully preserved waist, with a gesture of desperation.

"See here, Kate," he said, with an air of pompous dignity, "this is not an agreeable topic of conversation to me. I—I don't care to talk of this young man any longer. I don't choose to go into his history with you; I have too much respect for your—er—innocence of—er—men's wickedness. Oblige me by—er—changing the subject. Do you still refuse to go with me to Lydcote?"

"Don't ask me, papa," she said, in a low voice, and she went up to him and laid her hand upon his arm with the pleading touch which a lovable woman can make so eloquent; but its eloquence was lost on the major.

"Which is a polite way of saying, 'I don't mean to go if you do!'" he said sharply. "Very well. I shall not be home to lunch," and with an air of offended dignity the major stalked out.

Kate stood at the window looking out at the sea, and a sadder expression than usual came into her eyes. It was not of her father's anger at her refusal to go with him to Lydcote that she was thinking, but of what her father had said concerning Clifford Raven.

The face she had so admired, the voice which had haunted her during the night belonged, then, to a man unworthy of her sympathy. That he was in trouble was his own fault, and he had brought it on himself. What was it he had done?

She asked herself the question over and over again as she went about her small household tasks; she could not drive the remembrance of the young man from her mind; and at last, with the object of forgetting him, she put on her hat and jacket and went out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WREATH.—The Roman bridal wreath was of verbena, plucked by the bride herself. Holly wreaths were sent as tokens of congratulation, and wreaths of parsley and rue were given under a belief that they were effectual preservatives against evil spirits. The hawthorn was the flower which formed the wreaths of Athenian brides.

At the present day, in our own country, the bridal wreath is almost entirely composed of orange-blossoms, on a background of maiden-hair fern, a sprig here and there of stephanotis blending its exquisite fragrance. Much uncertainty exists as to why this blossom has been so much worn by brides, but the general opinion seems to be that it was adopted as an emblem of fruitfulness.

According to a correspondent of "Notes and Queries," the practice has been derived from the Saracens, amongst whom the orange-blossom was regarded as a symbol of a prosperous marriage, a circumstance which is partly to be accounted for by the fact that, in the East, the orange tree bears ripe fruit and blossoms at the same time.

It has also been suggested that this flower was introduced into our wedding customs by French milliners, having been selected for its beauty rather than for any symbolical reason.

"You would be surprised," said an uptown physician, "to see how strong men weaken under the simple process of vaccination. I have had railroad engineers and robust mechanics faint away while receiving the few slight scratches on the arm incident to vaccination; delicate women never murmur."

MRS. MILLS (at the door): "Eva, if you and Mr. Paul Knight don't care for any sleep before breakfast, please remember that your mother and I do. That light is attracting all the mosquitoes in Jersey!" Miss Eva Mills (promptly): "All right, papa; I'll turn it down!"

Bric-a-Brac.

THE JUBILEE.—The fiftieth year or jubilee was a very important, almost a sacred year among the Jews. Moses had laid it down as a divine command that after every forty-nine years the land was not to be sown or reaped, debts which could not be paid owing to poverty were to be cancelled, slaves were to be set free, and the land was to be restored to its original and proper holders. The fiftieth year was to be hallowed, and liberty proclaimed through the land to the inhabitants. This great holiday was never strictly held, and fell at last into disuse.

THE FORE-FINGER.—The fore-finger of the left hand has among most nations been chosen as a wedding finger, owing to a popular belief that a nerve in this finger communicates directly with the heart. It was also, for the same reason held to possess mystic powers in healing, and still is used by some people in stirring up medicine, or like potions, a relic of the old Greek or Roman belief that no poison or noxious element in a draught could escape detection when agitated by this finger which would immediately discover the "unfriendly element" by means of a warning spasm communicated by the heart.

WAGGING THE EARS.—In the course of a lecture lately given upon "Evolution," the lecturer, speaking upon the horse and certain long-eared animals having the power to shake their ears, said he believed that man originally "wagged his ears," but that the appropriate muscles not being used had become rudimentary. However, in his opinion, the power could be recovered, and as a proof he had actually strengthened his muscles to such an extent that he could wag one or both ears and gave his audience ocular demonstration of the curious phenomenon. He stated that a large buyer at auctions always wags his left ear to the auctioneer, who takes this secret bid.

SCOTCH WEDDINGS.—It was formerly the custom in many parts of Scotland for the bride immediately after the wedding to walk around the church unattended by the bridegroom. Matrimony was avoided in the months of January and May. After a baptism the first food the company tasted was crowdie, a mixture of meal and water, or meal and ale. After baptism, the father placed a basket filled with bread and cheese on the pot-hook suspended over the fire in the middle of the room in which the company was gathered, and the child was handed across the fire with the intent to frustrate all attempts of evil spirits or evil eyes. The custom is analogous with that of the Israelites who made their children pass through fire to Moloch.

THE REAL THING.—For thoroughness and entire action and shamefacedness there is nothing like a dog's yawn. When a dog yawns he doesn't screw his face into all unnatural shapes in an endeavor to keep his mouth shut with his jaws wide open. Neither does he put his paw up to his face into an apologetic way, while gaping in anguish as it were. He braces himself firmly on his four feet, stretches out his neck, depresses his head, and his jaws open with a graceful moderation. At first sight it is but an exaggerated grin; but when the gape is apparently accomplished the dog turns out his elbows, open his jaws another forty-five degrees, swallows an imaginary bone by a sudden and convulsive movement, curls up his tongue, and shuts his jaws with a snap, then he assumes a grave and contented visage, as is eminently becoming to one who has performed a duty successfully and conscientiously.

FLIRTATION UNKNOWN.—Flirtation is entirely unknown in Albania, for each girl is carefully secluded in the recesses of her home till her parents think her old enough to be married. Having arrived at this conclusion, they announce the fact; if that is of no avail, the lady's brother will politely come up to a friend in the street, and pleasantly remark: "You are just the fellow I wanted to see. My sister is fourteen years old; you must marry her." No Albanian who respects himself, ever rejects the proposal of his friend; in fact, he regards it as a great honor, and knows that a refusal means a duel to the death. Like other more Western mortals, he may have a morbid curiosity regarding his friend's sister's personal appearance, then he has recourse to the inevitable old woman whose profession is to intervene in such cases. She calls on the bride, inspects her, and then returns to the expectant swain, with a detailed account of the young lady's qualities, of course colored in direct proportion to the fee she received. Then the wedding-day is fixed, and at last the happy pair are face to face.

LIFE'S EVENING.

BY C. K.

Is life's evening long and dreary?
  Gone the treasures once possessed?
Is thy spirit faint and weary?
  Dost thou long to be at rest?
On this sweet promise fix thy sight:
"At evening time it shall be light."

"Light is sown" for thee, and gladness,
  Even in this vale of tears;
Soon will pass the night of sadness;
  Grief will fly when morn appears;
Still, to faith's strong-illumin'd sight,
"At evening time it shall be light."

Dwell not on the growing weakness
  That precedes thy fame's decay;
Rise above depressing sickness;
  Catch the dawn's approaching ray.
Faith can discern the Day Star bright:
"At evening time it shall be light."

TRIED AS BY FIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII—(CONTINUED.)

MR. AUSTIN AMBROSE left the boudoir a happier man than he had ever been before during the whole course of his life.

There is a keen joy in the anticipation of success and victory which the actual success and victory themselves cannot produce.

In his mind's eye he saw himself—as he had pictured to Violet—lying at her feet in some sunny, vine-clad villa in Spain.

Those two by themselves, with no one to share or dispute his claim to her! With Blair either dead, of Prince Rivani's rapier thrust, or away in England with Margaret!

Yes, success had come to him at last. Not only would he have won the woman he loved with a passion which he had nourished and fostered and secretly fed during all those long and bitter months, but he would have secured wealth as well, for he had not managed Blair's estate for Blair's benefit alone, but had contrived to feather his own nest pretty considerably; besides, Violet still held her own money, and it would now become his!

He was so filled with the ecstacy of anticipation that he could have stopped on the great staircase, and raised the house with exultant laughter, had there not been still something to do before he could admit that all was ready.

Always looking forward to this supreme moment, he had arranged with one of the drivers of the pair-horse carriages to expect a summons from him, and, slipping on a cloak, he went out to the corner of the street and gave the man his instructions.

He was to wait at the corner of the cathedral until he, Austin Ambrose, arrived with a lady.

The man was then to drive to the station as if for his life, and regardless of anything.

Then he returned to the palace, and hastily packed a small portmanteau. He had scarcely finished it when Blair's valet knocked at the door, with General Treiani's card.

Austin Ambrose slipped on a dressing gown over the traveling suit, for which he had exchanged his other clothes, and received the general with calm serenity and dignity.

"You expected me, doubtless, and I will not detain you with apologies for the lateness of the hour," said the general, a stiff and soldier-like old man, to whom duels were very ordinary matters indeed. "I may add that my principal, Prince Rivani, will not accept an apology."

Austin Ambrose bowed.

"The Earl of Ferrers has no intention of offering one," he said quietly.

The general inclined his head.

"As the person challenged, the earl has the choice of weapons," he said.

"Though, like most Englishmen, I am unfamiliar with the etiquette of the duello, I am aware of that. Lord Ferrers chooses swords."

The general looked surprised.

"Indeed! In honor, I am compelled to remind you, sir, that his highness is skilled with the rapier; if pistols would be considered more fair——"

Austin Ambrose could scarcely repress a snarl of impatience.

"Thanks, general; but the earl has made his choice."

"Then nothing remains to settle but the hour and place," said the general suavely.

"Will half-past five be too early?" asked Austin Ambrose.

"No hour will be too early for us, sir," said the general blandly, "and I would recommend the field behind the hospital. It is very quiet and secluded at that hour——"

Austin Ambrose assented, and the general looked at his watch.

"My m'sieu is finished, sir," he said. "Pray convey my devoted respects to the earl."

Austin Ambrose bowed him out, and then returned to his room and completed his preparations. He sat down and wrote a short note.

"The meeting is for half-past five in the field behind the hospital. Do not wait for me. I have gone into the town and will join you to the minute."

He rang the bell and gave the note to Blair's valet, then locking the door, flung himself on the bed and closed his eyes, trying to force himself to sleep, but the effort failed for a time.

His acute brain was still at work picturing the incidents as he really imagined them.

At half-past five he and Violet would be speeding over the frontier. Blair would go to meet Prince Rivani; they would wait a quarter of an hour, half, perhaps; and then, the prince growing impatient, the general would offer to act as second for Blair; the two men would fight, and there would be no doubt as to which would fall.

With pistols, Blair, who was a good shot, would stand something of a chance; but with swords, Rivani, whose skill was proverbial, must win.

With his eyes closed he could see Blair lying stretched out upon the ground, with a thin streak of crimson creeping snake-like across the breast of his white shirt, and at the vision a fiendish smile of satisfaction curved his lips.

Then he must have slept, for presently the sound of a church bell smote upon his ear, and with a start he sprang from the bed, and stealthily drew the curtains a little apart.

Yes, the dawn was breaking, the hour of his triumph was approaching!

Wrapping himself in his cloak, and with a fur over his arm for Violet, he caught up his valise, and with cat-like step made his way to the boudoir.

The door was ajar, as he had left it a few hours ago, but he paused and softly whispered her name.

There was no answer, and he crept in.

He had expected to find her there ready dressed, and waiting for him, but the room was empty. He went to to the door of the bedroom and, knocking gently, cautiously called to her.

Still there was no answer, and after a moment's hesitation, he tried the door. It was unlocked, and he opened it and entered.

The room was dimly lighted by a small shaded lamp, and for the moment he could distinguish nothing clearly, but the next he saw a figure lying on the bed. It was she.

She was lying as if she had fallen backwards in a fit of exhaustion, her pale face turned upwards, one arm hanging close by her side, the other thrown across the bed.

"Asleep! My poor darling!" he murmured. "But I must wake her! There's no time to be lost!"

He went up to the bed and, not to startle her, knelt down at her feet.

"Violet," he whispered; then a little louder, "Violet! Come, dearest! Everything is ready, and I am waiting! Come, my darling."

Still she did not move, and he took her hand.

Something—its icy coldness, perhaps, or its irresponsive lifelessness—sent an awful pang of fear through him that was like the stab of a knife.

Still holding her hand, he caught up the lamp and held it above her head, his eyes scanning her face.

The next instant the lamp dropped from his grasp, and with a stifled cry, he reeled like a drunken man, and fell at her feet!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BLAIR wrote his letters—there were not many, for Austin Ambrose had so entirely undertaken the management of the vast estates that Blair knew very little about any business pertaining to them.

He had already made a will, leaving all he possessed to Violet, with the exception of a large sum of money to Austin Ambrose; so that there was not much to do save write to the lawyers.

He commenced a letter to Violet herself, but after several attempts tore it up. He would see her before he started for the meeting, and say good-bye as cautiously as he could.

Then he went slowly out, and, leaving the city behind, wandered into the country beyond.

An inexpressible calm reigned over the land; it was the quietude of the night before daybreak, the hour when nature is in its deepest sleep, and the intense serenity was reflected in his own heart.

He felt like a man whose troubles are nearer their end, and whose time of rest is approaching.

Since Margaret had been lost to him life had lost its sweetness and its savor, and he would be glad to be rid of it. His thoughts, however, were not by any means fixed on death.

It was rather of that brief and happy period when every hour was tinged with the roseate hues of his first love that he dwelt, and he found himself recalling Margaret's face and voice with life-like truthfulness as he wandered down the level road, bordered by its fig trees and vines.

How happy he had been, how intense had been his love!

She had seemed to him all that was lovely and lovable in woman even then, but now she appeared clothed in a glamor which, alas! only belongs to the departed.

Violet, the countess, had reproached him for not being happy; how could a man loving as he had loved, and losing as he had lost, hope to be happy again?

Still thinking of Margaret and the picture which in so mysterious and strange a manner photographed her and her death, he returned to the palace, and was surprised to find that it was past four.

He went straight to his room, and there on the dressing table found Austin Ambrose's note.

It struck him as rather singular that Austin should find it necessary to go into the town at that hour, but he was by no means suspicious.

It was probable that Austin, whose forethought was phenomenal, had remembered something, some arrangement or other that was necessary, and had gone to make it.

Blair destroyed the note, then had a bath, and dressed himself with more than his usual care, doing it with his own hands, and without summoning the valet.

Then he sighed. He could not go on this errand of life or death without saying good-bye to his wife.

And yet he shrank from it as he now shrank from nothing else connected with the affair.

But it had to be done, and he went into her apartments and knocked at the bedroom door which Austin Ambrose had closed after him.

There came no answer, and Blair, after waiting for a minute or two, turned away.

"Why should I wake her and distress her?" he said to himself with a sigh. "She would see that something was wrong and would insist upon learning what it was. Poor Violet! Let her sleep. If I come back alive she need know nothing of what has taken place, now or never; if not——"

He went to the writing table, and taking out a sheet of the scented paper stamped with its gold coronet, wrote a line.

"Good-bye, Violet! Heaven send you every happiness. "BLAIR."

This he put in an envelope and laid it on the slope where she would see it when she entered the room; which she would do about ten o'clock. If he came out of the affair alive he should return long before that hour and could destroy the note.

Then he put on his cloak, and as quietly as possible left the house. The morning air struck coldly, and with a little shudder he turned up the collar of his coat and lit a cigar.

There were no carriages in the street, and he had to walk, but the distance was not great.

As the clocks chimed half-past five he reached the ground behind the hospital. A carriage and pair stood under the shelter of some trees, and near it was a group of three men.

Blair distinguished the prince by his height; the second man was the general, and the third Blair judged to be the doctor; but Austin Ambrose was not there.

As he approached, the doctor and the general came to meet him, and saluted him with elaborate ceremony.

"My friend Mr. Ambrose has not arrived I see," said Blair cheerfully. "I'm very sorry; but I have no doubt he will be here directly. He left word that he would be here before me."

"He will arrive in a minute or two, no doubt," said the general. "The air is cold this morning, my lord."

Blair nodded. The air was cold but bracing, and at the prospect of a fight his spirits were rising.

The doctor looked at him with an interest that grew into admiration.

"He is a fine fellow!" he said in an undertone to the general. "It seems a pity—the prince is such a deadly hand! Can't an apology——"

The general shook his head.

"If you think there is any chance, go and try it with the prince; you will soon be undeceived! If he does not mean to leave the earl on the ground, then call me—anything you like. I wonder where the earl's man is? It's very bad taste, this unpunctuality."

Blair went and leant against a tree and smoked his cigar placidly. The prince stood at a little distance with folded arms, looking like a statue—a statue of Implacability!—the other two paced up and down, talking of the affray.

A quarter of an hour passed, and the prince beckoned to the general.

"What is the meaning of this delay?" he demanded haughtily.

"His lordship's second has not arrived, your highness."

The prince's face darkened.

"It is a trick—a subterfuge!" he said, with suppressed rage. "When he comes he will be accompanied by the police, no doubt!"

The words were spoken with such icy distinctness that they reached Blair.

His face flushed, and he flung his cigar away and approached the others.

"Some accident has detained my friend, general," he said. "It is getting late, and if we wait any longer we may be disturbed. Will one of you gentlemen do me the favor of acting for me?"

The two men looked blank: such an arrangement was utterly opposed to all etiquette.

Blair smiled cheerfully.

"Pray don't mind saying no. I am quite willing to dispense with a second."

This suggestion certainly could not be entertained, and after a hurried conference the doctor offered his services; the general and he selected a level piece of ground, and the doctor brought a couple of swords to Blair.

"You have brought no weapons, my lord," he said. "The prince begs you will make choice."

Blair chose one at haphazard, then took off his cloak, and coat and waistcoat, and turned up his wristbands.

The doctor eyed him approvingly.

"If the result depended upon strength, my lord," he said, "I should have little fear for you, but——"

"Strength has little to do with it, I know, but never mind, sir, I will try not to discredit you," said Blair, smiling.

"You are sure there can be no apology?" said the doctor earnestly.

Blair shook his head.

"I fear not. I think if I were to apologize, the prince would not accept it. He has set his heart upon a fight, and"—he smiled again—"I am not at all inclined to baulk him."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders; there was a short, hurried conference between the two seconds, and then they placed their men.

The prince stepped up to his position slowly, and took his stand with that calm resolute expression on his face which indicated a settled purpose.

The gray of coming morning fell upon the open space, the white shirts of the duellists shining out conspicuously in the half light.

The general stood at a little distance between them, his handkerchief in his hand, and both men fixed their eyes upon it.

Then it dropped, and they approached each other slowly and steadily, and looked into each other's eyes.

And in the prince's fixed gaze Blair read his intended death warrant. He returned the look calmly, almost cheerfully, and the next instant the shining blades crossed with a sharp hissing sound.

For a few minutes each kept his guard, each trying his adversary's strength.

It had occurred to Blair that he might succeed in wresting the sword from the prince's hand, and in doing it sprain his wrist, and so render him incapable of resuming the duel; but he was speedily convinced of the futility of such an attempt.

Though so much slighter than Blair, the prince's wrist was like steel, and let Blair bear ever so heavily, his giant force was met by its equivalent in steel. Of a certainty there was no chance of disarming the prince.

"His lordship is a better swordsman than I expected," murmured the general. "I always thought Englishmen did not know how to fence!"

"This man is one of a thousand," said the doctor. "If the prince should only lose his temper he may stand a chance."

The general shook his head.

"He never loses either his temper or his head when he means business, and he means it this morning; look at his face," he added significantly.

The doctor nodded.

"What can the earl have done to offend him so deeply?" he muttered. "Some woman, I suppose?"

The general nodded succinctly.

"Per Bacio! they are splendidly matched!" he exclaimed in a low tone of admiration.

At present, indeed, it seemed as if the chances were equal, for, though the prince had made several passes that ought to have carried his sword through Blair's body, Blair had parried them skilfully and gracefully, and still stood untouched.

The prince's face darkened and he paused for he thought he read Blair's intention.

He would wait until the prince had scratched him or inflicted a slight flesh wound, and then declare himself satisfied, the seconds would interfere, and he, the prince, would be baulked!

With compressed lips, he commenced the attack again, and, seeing a favorable opportunity, permitted his opponent's sword to cut his arm.

Blair lowered his weapon instantly, and the seconds sprang forward.

"A touch, your highness!" said the doctor in a tone of relief. "My lord, you are satisfied, I presume?"

Blair inclined his head, and wiped the tip of his sword, but the prince smiled grimly.

"Pardon me," he said slowly, without removing his eyes from Blair's face. "It is a mere scratch, and will not serve as an excuse, even for Lord Ferrers!"

There was no deadly an insult in the tone as well as the words, that Blair's face flamed, and his fingers closed over his hilt.

"When his highness is rested, I am ready to resume," he said quietly.

The seconds drew back reluctantly.

"Now he will kill him!" muttered the general. "Mark my words! At the next thrust Rivani will run him through."

Cautiously, and yet with deadly intentions, the prince resumed the attack. The shining blades gleamed in the pale morning light, and hissed like snakes as they seemed to cling together; Blair put all the science he knew into it, but he felt that the moment would come when the sharp steel, that seemed like something human—or rather diabolical—in its persistence, would slip past his guard and finish the chapter for him; and presently he felt as if a hot iron had pierced his left shoulder; it was followed by the sensation of something warm trickling down his side, and he knew that he was wounded.

The two seconds sprang forward; but it was Blair who waved them back.

"Nothing, nothing!" he said. "Do not interfere, please!"

It would have been dangerous to have persisted in any attempt to stop the men, for the swords were flashing and writhing furiously; the prince was losing his calm;

if it went altogether, it would leave him at Blair's mercy.

"By Heaven, it is my man who will be killed!" said the general, with an oath. "What possesses him? Look! he will be in the earl's power directly. Ah!——"

The exclamation was wrung from him by a pass of Blair's that the prince parried so narrowly that Blair's blade cut his sleeve from elbow to wrist.

The faces of the two men were white as death, their teeth set, their eyes gleaming with that fire which springs from hearts burning for a fellow creature's life.

Another moment would settle it, one way or the other, and Blair, whose strength was beginning to tail, was wearing down the prince's guard; the seconds were, all unconsciously drawing nearer and nearer in readiness for the fatal moment, when a woman's shriek clave the air, and two figures seemed to spring from the ground, and flung themselves upon the prince.

So unexpectedly, so unseen by the absorbed group had the women approached, that the seconds stood speechless and staring.

Blair had only time to lower his sword at the moment its point covered the heart of the prince, and the prince himself was so startled that he let his blade fall from his stiff fingers.

Blair sprang forward and picked up the prince's sword, and was offering it to him, when one of the women released her grasp of the prince, and turning to Blair with outstretched arms, uttered his name.

He started and shuddered as if he had been shot, then, with his eyes fixed on the pale, lovely face before him, began to tremble.

The fact was, the poor fellow thought that he was dead, and that this was his Margaret coming to meet him in the other land!

"Blair!" she breathed, trembling like himself, and drawing a little nearer; "Blair, do you not know me?"

Then he uttered a cry; a cry of such agony, of doubt, and fear, and longing, that it went to the hearts of all who heard it.

It touched two of them with much pity, but the third—the prince's—it turned to fire.

"Stand aside!" he cried passionately, and he thrust Lottie from his arm. "Stand aside! Your victim shall not save you, you heartless scoundrel! Here, in her presence, you shall pay the penalty!" and he sprang forward with his blade pointed.

Two men rushed towards him, but Margaret was before them.

With a cry she flung herself upon his well-shaped breast, and seizing his arms, held them up with a strength almost superhuman.

The prince looked down at her face with wild anguish.

"You! you!" he uttered reproachfully. "You step between me and this villain!"

"I see no villain, prince!" she said panting, her eyes fixed on his face. "He who stands there is my husband!"

Then she slid from him and sank with an indescribable cry of love and joy upon Blair's breast.

The prince leant on his sword, and he stood looking at them with a wild amazement that seemed to hold the general and the doctor as it in a trance.

The general was the first to recover himself.

With his eyes still fixed on Blair and Margaret, who stood gazing into each other's eyes speechlessly, he went up to the prince, and gently took the sword from his grasp.

"Come away, your highness," he said, in a very low whisper, "this is no place for us."

"Her husband! Her husband!" breathed the prince, like one in a dream. "Impossible!"

"It looks only too possible," said the general gravely. "Doubtless Lord Ferrers will offer a full explanation later on, but this is no time for it."

"That it isn't, but you can take my word for it, that it's true!" said a voice, broken with a sob.

It was Lottie's. The general turned and stared at her.

"You are Miss Leslie's—that is the countess'—friend, madam!" he said, still staring at her in amazement, that overwhelmed his politeness.

"No, her worst enemy, but one," said Lottie, in her old curt manner. "Oh, I can't tell you half of the story, but if you want to know, it was I who separated them," she said defiantly, through her tears. "But," she added pathetically, "it was I who brought them together again!"

"This is strange!" murmured the general. "Come away, Rivani!"

The prince started as if from a trance and strode towards Blair and Margaret.

"One word, my lord!" he said hoarsely. "You know, you have known from the first, the reason for our meeting. Will you tell me, as man to man, that it had no basis? Will you pledge me your word that you have not injured this lady, for alas, I cannot trust her! it is her heart that has spoken——"

"As man to man I pledge my word that I have not knowingly injured this lady," said Blair brokenly. "She is my wife, Prince Rivani!" then his voice failed him, and he drew Margaret closer to him with a passionate pressure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON HANDSHAKING.—It is said that the hearty handshake of good fellowship came into fashion in the days of Henry II. It is almost an entirely American and English form of greeting, and was adopted in place of the more affectionate ways of showing friendly feeling which are still in vogue to a great extent in France and Italy.

Every nation has its own form of greeting but the American and English handshake denotes almost as many phases of character and feeling as there are hands to give it expression.

When an Arab meets a friend, he seizes his right-hand thumb, and goes through the entire list of the friends and relations, grasping a new finger for each inquiry for the welfare of the family, and if the fingers do not hold out, starts anew until the category is gone through with. The Persians save themselves touching all this wear and tear by simply from the forehead, while the Chinese, Burmese, and most other nations do something equally as simple.

Those learned in palmistry and kindred sciences affirm that a person's character may be determined by his hand, and especially in the way he takes the digits of his fellowmen.

One man will seize your hand as though he never meant to let it go, and squeeze and almost crush it, in this well-meant endeavor to express his good feeling.

Another merely touches the outstretched palm, and drops it as he would a hot cake. Other individuals work your arm like a pump-handle, while there is a class of men who seize your hand and push you backwards and forwards as though they were sawing you perpendicularly through. Truly the ways of men are many and varied but in few things are found greater variety than in this one apparently simple custom of hand shaking.

A Past History.

BY G. FULLERTON.

I WAS "doing" the Riviera with my nephew Jack Merrivale, when one morning that I had stayed indoors to write letters to friends in England, Jack came bursting in like a whirlwind.

He was a young fellow of about three-and-twenty, frank, generous of disposition, handsome of face, devoted to art, was an artist by profession, and most charmingly, romantically poor.

Perhaps this was why he, especially, was my favorite; also, why I had made him my heir, though of that he was ignorant.

"Aunt," he cried, "put aside your letters and come out! Don't say no—you must! I have seen one of the sweetest faces I ever saw in my life!"

"Hoity, toity!" I exclaimed, "my dear Jack, this looks ominous—dangerous. Is this marvel a native?"

"No; a visitor like ourselves," replied Jack, who had crossed to the window and was peering out to the right, then to the left. "They came last night, and Fred Morris, who fortunately knows them, is going to introduce me. As to ominous and dangerous, aunt, if you mean that it looks very much as if I were in love, I plead guilty at once I am over head and ears in love, and shall be the most miserable fellow on earth if I cannot win her!"

"Pray, Jack, moderate your transport, and talk sense. In these practical days of science and school-boards love at first sight has gone out of fashion, like all other romance."

"Then it is," broke in Jack, with an artist's and lover's enthusiasm, "because love's eyes never looked upon such a face as the one I've seen! Stay! not another word, aunt, until you have judged for yourself! Here they are—the young lady and her grandfather—a fine, noble old fellow! Come! her sunshade is down, you can see her to perfection!"

Catching my arm, he hurried me to the window.

I looked down into the road, started, and drew back.

"What is the matter?" asked Jack, perceiving something was wrong.

"What?" I repeated. "That man," with infinite scorn, "a fine, noble old fellow?" Why, he is Mr. Jaffery Marston, the rich banker; that is Eva, his grandchild!"

"You know them, aunt?"

"I know him—that he is wealthy—and you, Master Jack, as poor as a church mouse—so be wise, get over your love, or leave the Riviera instantly!"

"That is absurd, aunt—or one as impossible as the other!" he rejoined. "What, in Heaven's name, makes you speak thus?"

I reflected a minute.

Why should I not tell him? He ought to be warned of the character of Jaffery Marston. It might save him from—at least, prepare him for—disappointment.

"I'll tell you, Jack, if you will listen!" I said, pushing my letters aside.

He evidently was divided between curiosity and a desire to follow Eva Marston. The former triumphed.

He drew a chair near mine, saying:

"Of course I will listen. Who would ever have believed you knew the Marstons?"

"Eva Marston—for the daughter bears the mother's name—" I answered, "and I were school-fellow—not chums—for she was a little tot to me. But I took a violent girlliking to her—indeed, she was a favorite with everyone."

"I don't wonder," interpolated Jack, "if her child is like her."

"Eva, my Eva, was the sweetest, gayest, most amiable of dispositions. Selfishness and she were perfect strangers, and she was one of those quiet natures which surprise one by their capacity for strong feeling. I loved her like a sister. She reciprocated the affection, and our friendship was continued when our schooldays were over.

"As I have told you, Mr. Marston is a banker and exceedingly wealthy. Eva was his only child, and he loved her passionately. He was proud of her and her beauty. He held her second to none, and she was one of the gayest, happiest girls imaginable until——"

"Until—well, aunt?"

"She fell in love," replied. "In Jaffery Marston's bank there was a Halbert Fortescue. He had entered quite a youth, but soon had attracted the banker by his bright intelligence. He was handsome; a gentleman, but poor, upright, just, and industrious.

"Jaffery Marston made a favorite of him, and saw to his rapid advancement. Halbert Fortescue was grateful, and strove more and more to please.

"'I'll be the making of him. One day, when he is well off, he shall remember he owes it all to me,' the banker used to say.

"In fact, the young fellow was his hobby. He was proud of him. He thought how in time he would make him his sub-manager, aware he might trust all in his hands.

"Eva was about eighteen when I noted a change in her. She was thoughtful, abstracted. I saw she had something on her mind. It was not long before she confided it to me. She loved Halbert Fortescue. More than that, he loved her. He had asked her to be his wife, and she had said 'Yes.'

"'I could never love anyone else, Nelly,' she said to me. 'I never could be happy with any other than dear Halbert!'

"'But your father, Eva!' I suggested. 'He may have higher views for you.'

"Eva laughed gaily.

"'You do not know how he likes Halbert,' she exclaimed. 'Halbert asks his consent this afternoon. I do not fear. He is such a favorite!'

"Poor Eva! The banker's liking was that of the patron to the patronized—master to the servant. That Halbert Fortescue, utterly penniless but for the salary he received, should aspire to wed his child, he had no more deemed probable than that the sun and moon should rise together.

"Such presumption was 'arrogance, impertinence, blackest ingratitude.' In his astonishment and rage he was not particular in his words. He refused the young fellow with contemptuous disdain, and presenting him with a cheque and his dismissal at the same time, forbade him ever to enter his house or speak to Eva again."

"Did he obey?" asked Jack. "I would not."

"He, on his part, did; for the banker had used terms that had stung his honor. So he went, and poor Eva came to me for consolation and to weep over her troubles.

"In his fury the banker had said he was neither to speak to nor see her. He had not said not write, and Eva wrote to him.

"One day she came to me, her manner very excited.

"Halbert's letters had been so very cheerful that she had mistrusted them. She had guessed that to save her pain he was deceiving her, and by another source had obtained information about him.

"She had learned that he was suffering from poverty; also was ill from despair. A banker's clerk is always a banker's clerk; employment was as hard to procure then as now, especially when one had not a character; and Jaffery Carston had refused one to Halbert Fortesque.

"'Nelly,' said Eva, her eyes sparkling, 'I have resolved to go to him.'

"'You, Eva!'

"'Yes. My father is wrong; he is obstinate. He loves me too well, however, to let me suffer. I am the cause of Halbert's dismissal; when I am his wife dear papa will forgive for my sake; I know he will. He will see then I can only be happy with Halbert.'

"I tried to persuade her, though I thought very possibly she was right. Jaffery Marston was not likely to discard a child who was as the apple of his eye.

"The next day Eva was missing—she had gone to join Halbert

"I will not make too long a story, Jack; suffice that we were wrong in our reading of Jaffery Marston's nature; stern pride, obstinacy, self-esteem, dominated the softer feelings. There seemed no middle course in his disposition. He cast off Eva as resolutely as he had discharged her husband.

"The letters she wrote he returned opened, saying that he preferred to read them, to show what little effect that had upon him.

"At last, after a long silence, the last letter came. The old butler, who took it to the banker, could not resist waiting behind the portiere, hopeful for news of Eva.

"The banker read; then was heard to exclaim:

"'She will write no more, but will pray once to look on me before she dies. Ah! we shall see!' and, enclosing the letter, he directed it back.

"One evening, a month later, there was a knock at the door. The footman, opening it, beheld Eva standing there, poorly dressed in black.

"How wan and thin was her beautiful face; yet what a spiritual expression clothed it! In her arms she carried her baby-girl.

"The servants had been commanded not to admit her, but there was not one who would have obeyed. So, when she inquired for her father, the footman respectfully pointed to the study.

"The calm, peculiar expression still on her features, Eva entered. She did not close the door; the footman peeped through; the banker was seated by the fire reading.

"He looked up at her entrance, then sprang to his feet; but as he gazed into her face he dropped back again, speechless.

"Eva went went on and knelt on the rug before him.

"'Father,' she said, 'Halbert is dead—dead from fighting the bitter world for my sake—and my heart is broken.'

"He made no sign, but gasped as he stared at her. Gently she laid the child on the rug, and added:

"'Papa, love little Evie for my sake. I said I would look once on you before I died—I have. Papa, forgive as I forgive—say,' leaning her cheek on his knee, 'Heaven bless you!'

"Then Jaffery Marston leaped up with a great cry, raised her on to a couch, wildly summoned the household, despatched them here and there for aid, and sent for the best physicians. All was to no purpose—it was too late—and before an hour Eva was dead.

"And that, Jack," I concluded, gravely, "is the grandfather of her with whom you, a penniless artist, have fallen in love."

Jack looked very grave too, but was silent.

"Well?" I queried.

"I'm very sorry for Jaffery Marston, aunt," he answered, rising; "but I shall take my chance."

"You forget it may be Eva's chance also," I said, almost severely.

"And you, aunt, forget that Miss Fortescue may not care that for me," snapping his fingers.

Looking at the bright handsome young fellow he was, I felt justified in doubting. I said, however, mendaciously:

"There is one comfort, so pretty a girl is not likely to be unengaged as it is."

I saw his face fall; but he brightened in a minute, smiled, took his hat, and saying, "That's to be seen," started off on a visit of his inamorata.

I was very fond of Jack, and this affair made me deeply anxious; but what could I do?

He got the introduction he wanted to Mr. Marston (who did not know me by my married name) and Eva Fortescue, and was forever in their society—as I was glad to see, were one or two other eligible young men, so that Jack had rivals.

I was in hope he might get over his passion; that Eva might smile rather upon someone else; though I could not judge how matters went from Jack, who, like all lovers, was up in the clouds one time and in the depths of despair another.

But one evening, when returning home alone, as I passed the Villa Montinari, the residence rented by Jaffery Marston, hearing the whisper of voices I looked, and beheld among the orange-trees two figures—male and female.

A second glance told me they were Jack and Eva.

His arm was round her waist, her head rested on his bosom. I needed no explanation; I knew the Rubicon had been passed.

"How is this pretty Eva's love-affair to end?" I thought, hurrying on, almost nervous to be in the vicinity of the lovers. "Is it to be another tragedy?"

I was aroused by the sound of a step approaching; raising my eyes, I beheld Jaffery Marston. What possessed me I can't tell, but I stopped when he stopped, and said:

"Mr. Marston, are you aware what has been going on between Miss Fortescue and my nephew?"

A dark shadow came over his face; he was silent a second; my heart was all in a tremble. Then he spoke:

"Yes, Mrs. Fielding; unfortunately, only too aware of it. I have no desire to disparage your nephew, but I had far different views for Eva."

"Of course you had!" I rejoined, a little desperately. "My nephew, save for what he will make by his own exertions, is penniless until my death."

"Unfortunately, yes!" he answered.

"Mr. Marston," I said, looking at him keenly through the silver night, "may I ask what you intend to do in this matter?"

"Mrs. Fielding," he replied, in a low, quiet tone; this is my answer: I deeply regret what has happened; but Eva has her mother's spirit—she loves your nephew; I am too old, and have too few to care for me, to risk breaking another young heart. I think you understand; let us never refer to the past again. Good evening!"

He raised his hat, and went on. As I returned his salutation I knew that he had recognized me as Nelly Boyd, his daughter's bosom friend from the first.

Jack returned that evening in high spirits. Not only had he been accepted by Eva, but won the banker's consent.

They, Eva and Jack, have been married as we write now, and Jaffery Marston has never regretted the consent he gave; indeed, he is vastly proud of his clever son-in-law, whose pictures are hung on the line at Burlington House.

He and I often have quiet chats, and games of chess and bezique together, but never again has he referred to that past history; neither have I!

"IF flowers have souls," said Undine, "the bees, whose nurses they are, must seem to them darling children at the breast. I once fancied a paradise for the spirits of departed flowers." "They go," answered I, "not into paradise, but into a middle state; the souls of lilies enter into maidens' foreheads, those of hyacinths and forget-me-nots dwell in their eyes, and those of roses in their lips."

WHEN.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

When you catch a moonbeam that silvers the wave,
The trust that is dead will rise from its grave;
When you capture a flame of the sunset's fire,
Sweet strains you can draw from Love's broken lyre.

When you rescue a meteor lost in the sun,
You can bring back the glory of days that are done;
When you find the lost tears that have watered the years,
You can wash away all distrustful fears.

When you reach the horizon's far-glittering thread,
You can clasp a love that long ago fled;
When you gather the water that's spilled on the plain,
You can rouse to ardor dulled passions again.

MOTHER HUBBARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. COROLYN sat at the window of the morning-room at the Manor, and looked out on a pretty scene.

The tennis-ground, beautifully smooth and well kept, and surrounded on three sides by a broad gravel walk, lay just beyond the window; the net was stretched, and two young people were playing, or rather pretending to play a game.

The pair—a pretty dark-eyed girl in a white flannel dress, and a sturdy young man in gray, with a sunburnt face and a crop of curly red hair—were playing with their rackets instead of using them, and talking with their heads very close together.

They made a pleasant picture; but Mrs. Corolyn did not approve of it, for she frowned and tapped her foot upon the floor impatiently.

At a little distance young Frank lay on his back under a tree, reading a novel, and trying to smoke a cigar surreptitiously behind it.

Up and down the gravel walk before the window Mr. James Ryder was pacing with his hands in his pockets and a decidedly bored and even sulky expression of countenance—in fact, he had for some reason arrived at the Manor in an exceedingly bad temper, and had not yet shaken it off.

Mrs. Corolyn, withdrawing her eyes from the unwelcome spectacle of Agatha Woodward and Phil Townsend getting on so well together, looked at her son and frowned still more darkly.

She loved him foolishly and weakly; but he tried her proud imperious temper far more than poor young Frank did.

She caught his eyes as she looked at him, and made a quick gesture, which he understood.

He approached loungingly, and leaned his folded arms upon the sash of the window, first flinging away the end of the fourth cigar which he had smoked since luncheon.

He was as handsome, pale, and languid as ever, and looked weary of everything the sun had shone upon in the past or could shine upon in the future.

His air and attitude irritated Mrs. Corolyn. She spoke very sharply—more sharply and more plainly than she had meant to speak.

"You are either very careless, James, or something worse. What is to be the end, do you suppose, of this method of going on?"

"The end?" echoed her son vacantly. "Of what?"

"Of what!" cried Mrs. Corolyn bitterly. "Of your course of conduct altogether. Do you wish to lose Agatha and her thirty thousand pounds, I ask?"

"By Jove!"

Mr. Ryder threw off his inertia in a moment, and looked considerably perturbed.

"What do you mean?"

"That you are going the right way to do it!" said the lady severely. "Your own common sense, James, should tell you as much. Agatha is by no means an exacting girl, and is a very sweet-tempered and gentle one; but she is no fool. If you are pleased to undervalue her, there are others ready to appreciate her, and who will not be slow to let her see it. You neglect her, and she knows it."

"Neglect her?" echoed the young man sharply. "Who says that I neglect her? How do I neglect her, pray?"

"In every way," returned Mrs. Corolyn impatiently. "It is three months since you have seen her, and now how do you behave? Instead of keeping beside her, as you should, you leave her to herself—you have hardly spoken a dozen words to her since breakfast. You are altogether mistaken if you fancy that she does not both notice and resent it. I say again that, if you are not careful, James, you will lose both her and her money?"

"Does Agatha insist that I should spoon then?" he inquired, with anything but a pleasant smile. "Very sorry! Hardly in my line, though — should hardly have thought it was in hers."

"You talk absurdly, James," said Mrs. Corolyn coldly, "and you know it. Agatha is by no means foolishly sentimental, but she naturally likes the little attentions which she certainly has a right to expect from you. You cannot blame her if she accepts them from others who show more appreciation of her."

The lady's tone was significant; and her son, with a quick change in his face from carelessness to comprehension, glanced over his shoulder quickly.

The tennis-rackets were lying on the grass forgotten, and Phil and Agatha, side by side, were disappearing round the corner of the house. Mr. Ryder involuntarily whistled.

"Yes; that is just what I mean," resumed Mrs. Corolyn, answering as though he had spoken. "If you had chosen to use your eyes, you would have seen long ago that Phil would be only too glad to marry her without a penny; and I am by no means sure that she does not like him."

"Pooh!"

Mr. Ryder toyed with his moustache and laughed rather conceitedly.

"Not much fear of that, I should think—Phil's hardly an Adonis."

Mrs. Corolyn had no time to reply, for the door opened almost as he spoke, and Miss Woodward entered the room with Phil behind her.

Agatha was looking very pretty in her simple white dress and broad-brimmed hat; there was a brighter color than usual in her delicate face; her sweet pensive mouth was smiling, her dark eyes were shining.

"We are going to walk over to the Gables, aunt Adelaide. It is too warm for tennis; and Mr. Townsend wants to pay his respects to Miss Georgiana," Agatha explained, with a faint blush. "It is so long since he has seen her. Have you any message?"

"Merely my regards, my dear."

Mrs. Corolyn looked at her son, who in indolent obedience to the look, stepped in over the low window-sill.

"You will not remain to dinner, of course?"

"Miss Milroy always dines in the middle of the day when she is alone. Perhaps she may keep us and give us high tea," returned Agatha. "What—are you coming, James?"

"Certainly, by your leave, fair lady."

Ten minutes before Mr. Ryder would have responded with dignity that he undoubtedly would not go if he should be in the way.

"Miss Milroy is as much a favorite of mine as she is of Townsend's."

"Thought you always said you found her an outrageous bore!" said Phil very bluntly.

He was very good-tempered, and perfectly resigned to his fate, but he did resent the loss of the walk which he had been anticipating alone with Agatha, along the winding Sprigglestone lanes to Long End.

"My dear fellow, quite a mistake, I assure you!" returned Mr. Ryder amiably; but the look which he gave his friend was not amiable by any means.

No; honest Phil, with his good-humored ugly face, his blue eyes, his sturdy figure, and his obstinate crop of ruddy hair, was not an Adonis—rather the reverse.

James Ryder, agreeably conscious of his own handsome face and figure, had often thought so complacently.

But Phil might be a rival nevertheless. Mr. Ryder resolved that he must take his mother's advice.

The condition of his affairs was very nearly desperate, and certainly he could not afford to throw away thirty thousand pounds.

"She's a nice girl, and she's a very pretty girl," he reflected, pulling his moustache, "but all the same she's hardly the girl I should have chosen if I had had my way. She's too meek and gentle—too 'yea-and-nay' for me. I prefer more spirit in a woman, I must say. 'Pon my honor, bad as things are with me, I'd rather marry the right sort of girl with half the money!"

They were in the garden of the Gables when he made this magnanimous reflection, and he had loitered behind while Agatha and Mr. Townsend went on towards the group under the sycamore-tree—a group consisting of Miss Georgiana, with a work-basket, a fat white cat, and a couple of linen sunshades, and a young lady in a white dress and blue ribbons, whose little fair head was bare, and who jumped up with a startled cry as she saw the approaching figures.

"Why, Huldah, did we startle you, dear?" asked Agatha gently, as she kissed her.

Phil had shaken hands with Miss Georgiana, and now, with a start and a blunt ejaculation of amazement, stood staring at the girl in the white frock.

Huldah smiled very frankly into the young man's astonished face, and held out her hand.

"We don't need introducing, Agatha—Mr. Townsend and I. He came to stay at 'The Golden Fleece' a little while before you first knew me, dear."

Agatha, stooping to kiss Miss Georgiana, missed more than the uneasy look upon Phil Townsend's face—missed the look of blank amazement, discomfiture, and fear upon that of James Ryder, as he came languidly strolling up and stopped in the shade of the sycamore.

It was not easy to startle him; but he was more than startled now.

The sudden appearance of all his multitudinous creditors would have startled him infinitely less.

This girl, of all girls! He muttered an inaudible oath between his teeth. How the deuce did she come there? What did it mean?

Would she go into hysterics? Would she denounce him? And Phil—confound him!—would he have the sense to hold his tongue? What a beauty the little thing had grown!

He noticed that even in the midst of his savage cowardly perturbation. In another moment he breathed freely again; for Huldah looked him full in the face, and gave him a cool little bow, the dignity of which Mrs. Corolyn herself could not have surpassed.

Agatha glanced from one face to the other with surprise in her soft dark eyes.

"Why, Huldah," she said, smiling, "you did not tell me that you knew my cousin!"

"I did not know it myself until I saw him," returned Huldah lightly. "The name isn't uncommon, Mr. Ryder, is it? You were at 'The Golden Fleece' at the same time as Mr. Townsend, I think? Oh, yes—to be sure you were—I recollect it perfectly!"

What could Mr. Ryder do, thus artlessly appealed to, but mutter something politely inaudible, and bow, bite his lip viciously, and wish himself a thousand miles away?

And yet he felt that he admired the girl who thus audaciously faced him more than he had ever admired her in the days when he had designed to make a plaything of her—ay, more than he had ever admired a woman in his life.

He did not rest until he found a chance presently of speaking to Agatha, and by a few adroit questions learned how it was that Huldah Brook had come to the Gables.

She had held her tongue, she had said nothing; and evidently she would say nothing.

Already she was treating him carelessly, gaily, as if the past were nothing, and as if too she had been used all her life to meet the friends of Miss Milroy on equal terms.

Sometimes at "The Golden Fleece" she had called him "sir."

Clever, cool, and spirited the little beauty was, now utterly she eclipsed Agatha!

Miss Georgiana—one of the brightest and pleasantest of hostesses, as fond of young society as ever she had been when she was young herself—would not hear of her guests returning to the Manor to dinner; they must stay, and walk home in the cool of the evening, or drive, if they liked it better.

No one was reluctant. Phil enjoyed himself, and enjoyed Agatha's society a good deal more than he would have done in Mrs. Corolyn's stately presence; and even Mr. Ryder did not find himself bored.

He was quite willing to leave his betrothed to his friend.

The uneasiness caused by his mother's warning words had given way to a stronger feeling—and the feeling of the moment always dominated James Ryder—to his interest in Miss Milroy's companion. She did not bore him; she roused and stimulated him.

She had never bored him, he reflected idly, in the days at "The Golden Fleece," when he had been tired of everything and everybody, and had amused himself by making love to the innocent child in the brown cloak whom he had dubbed "Mother Hubbard."

He looked into the brilliant blue eyes, cloudless and sweet, and wished, almost uneasily, that he could read in them some consciousness of those by-gone days; but there was none.

What was it that she had said in that passionate little letter which she had left behind her upon his table, and which he had laughed over and crushed into his pocket?

"Oh, one of these days I'll make you sorry, James Ryder!"

Pooh! The threat of an angry child! He smiled as he recalled it, and roused himself to hear what Miss Milroy was saying. The high tea, a meal in the preparation of which Mrs. Stiff excelled, was over; they were back in the pretty drawing-room, and the daylight was slowly fading.

"Won't you give us a little music, Agatha, my dear? You have been quite neglecting your singing lately, I'm afraid. Huldah has several of your songs, I think."

Miss Woodward looked round. She and Phil were standing by one of the windows, looking out at the darkening garden.

She smiled, and shook her pretty dark head.

"That's because I'm ashamed of my voice after Huldah's, Miss Georgiana; it is a mere little pipe compared with hers. Mr. Ackland said the other day that he didn't know how she contrived to keep so much music in such a little body; and I must say I wonder too. She will sing—won't you, dear?"

"All right!" assented Mother Hubbard nonchalantly.

She had been leaning back idly in an arm-chair, pulling at the fat Pomeranian's ears, and laughing when the pampered pet uttered sharp little howls of remonstrance; but she got up willingly now, and went to the piano.

Mr. Ryder, politely assiduous, followed her; but she laughed, shook her head gaily, and motioned him away.

"No, thank you, Mr. Ryder! I can sing without music. And go away, please; it makes me nervous when people look over me."

Mr. Ryder retreated and sat down in a shadowy corner from which he could watch the figure at the piano, the little golden head seeming to shine in the soft gloom. He had heard Huldah sing as she ran up and down the staircases and about the rooms at "The Golden Fleece;" but that was a very different thing from her singing now.

He had never before heard the song she sang; but he would probably have listened with no less attention had it been one of Agatha's well-worn and commonplace ballads.

At the end of the first verse the singer had paused for a moment while Mr. Ackland and Mr. Tregeagle entered the room, and she had waited while Caleb greeted the others and presented his friend.

As, on finishing the song, she swung round on her stool, she found that Mr. Ryder had come back to the piano and was looking down at her, and that the others were gathered round the window talking.

Huldah laughed, spreading out her little hands with an extravagant gesture of resignation.

"Not a single compliment! Mr. Ryder, if you ever groaned beneath the sense of unappreciated effort, pity me! Or"—she glanced up laughingly—"pay me one yourself to console me!"

"Would you accept it if I did?" he asked softly.

"Y-e-s," she replied, after deliberate consideration—"oh, yes, I think so—if it were very pretty, that is! I'm shockingly vain, you know! It is one of my weaknesses to accept all the flattery I can get. Dreadful, isn't it? I am not a bit like dear Agatha, am I? Why don't you tell me so?"

"Agatha?"

Mr. Ryder laughed and pulled his long moustache, trying hard to meet the blue eyes.

"Oh, Agatha has no weakness, I think! She is a sample of feminine perfection, we all know. I should not think you needed telling——"

He stopped, for she had broken into a little rippling laugh of mischievous amusement.

"That I am not a bit like her? Mr. Ryder you have mortified me dreadfully! Do you call that a compliment, pray? Never mind—you must practice a little."

She was actually patronizing him, as he could not help feeling with a grim sense of mingled amusement and amazement.

"Really, though, I think you are quite right," she went on coolly—"Agatha has no faults that I have been able to discover. She is a darling! And she is so very pretty too! I don't think it is at all a fair division of things, you know. She is pretty enough to do without the money, and rich enough to do without the beauty."

"Beauty?"

Mr. Ryder shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you admire her then? Yes; she is pretty enough, I daresay, to those who like that style."

"You are dreadfully unappreciative!"

Huldah had turned back to the keyboard again, and was striking soft meaningless chords upon it, perhaps because she was so intensely conscious of one pair of dark eyes fixed upon herself and her companion with an expression of wrathful incredulity.

"If I thought you were in earnest, Mr. Ryder," she declared gaily, "I really should have half a mind to betray you. By-the-way, I have not congratulated you yet."

"Congratulated me?"

"Yes—upon your engagement. I know all about it. Agatha told me."

Mr. Ryder was most decidedly taken by surprise—indeed he was absolutely confounded, and could not find a word.

Agatha left the group by the window and came towards the piano. Huldah sprang up and went to meet her, and Miss Milroy rang for lights.

"We must go now, dear," said Miss Woodward gently. "Aunt Adelaide will wonder what has become of us—it is past eight o'clock. Will you come upstairs with me to fetch my hat?"

Huldah complied readily, stopping on the way to the door to speak to Mr. Tregeagle, who looked even lanker, gaunter, and rougher-headed than he had on the day before.

Then she turned with a shy smile to Mr. Ackland, who did not smile at her, but looked down with most unwonted gravity and severity at the childish face, hardly clasping the little hand that she placed in his.

Huldah laughed softly when she was outside the door; and the two girls reached her own pretty white-and-pink nest of a room she was laughing still.

Agatha paused in putting on her hat, and looked in gentle perplexity at the shining blue eyes and rose-flushed dimpling face.

"How amused you seem!" she said, smiling. "What is the joke, dear?"

"Oh—nothing!"

Miss Brook suddenly became severely solemn.

"Agatha, did you like my song? Sit down just a moment—you are not in such a hurry!"

Miss Woodward complied, and sat down before the lace-draped dressing-table. Huldah leaned on the back of her chair, her blue eyes very intent upon Agatha's face reflected in the mirror opposite.

"Did you like my song, Agatha?" she repeated.

"Very much—it is very pretty. You must lend it to me, although I know I shall never be able to sing it as you do."

"'Too hearts that loved in the old sweet way
Have been out of fashion this many a day.'"

sang Huldah softly. "It is too bad of them to write that, isn't it?—because you, for instance, know much better, don't you, dear?"

Agatha started a little, and a faint flush spread over the reflected face. Huldah put her arms about her neck and laid her cheek against the pretty dark head.

"Don't you know it, Agatha—don't you? Ah, I am sure you do! I thought you did before to-day; but now I am quite certain—quite! But it is a pity that the wrong man has taught it you, isn't it?"

Agatha flung off the embracing arms, sprang to her feet, looked round her wildly, and then, with a reproachful half-wondering glance, sank down again, bursting into a passion of tears.

Huldah's arms were about her again in a moment, and the two clung to each other.

"Oh, Huldah," sobbed Agatha forlornly, hiding her face, "I am so miserable—so very, very wretched, dear! I didn't know you would find me out; and I would never have told you. It is all my fault; but I have struggled against it—I have indeed; and he doesn't know I care about him. Oh, dear—oh, dear—it is all so endless and so hopeless! But I am the one to blame; it was of my own free will that I promised to marry James, and of course I can't break off now."

Miss Brook scornfully turned up her little nose, which nature had already tip-tilted in the prettiest manner.

"Your own free will indeed!" she muttered. "Yes, I should think Mrs. Corolyn had left you a great deal of that!"

Then, in a different tone:

"Why do you say you can't break off, Agatha?"

"Oh, it would be so weak, so dishonorable!" answered Agatha, trying to control herself. "And James is fond of me of course, poor fellow! Why should he suffer for my silliness, Huldah? It wouldn't be just!"

"H'm!"

Little Mother Hubbard curled her little lip.

"That's one way of looking at it, certainly, but it wouldn't be mine. Agatha dear, if I were you, do you know I'd try not to be miserable at all? Why should you?"

"Why should I?" echoed Agatha sadly. "Oh, Huldah, you are wiser and stronger than I am in many things; but you are such a child, dear! Wouldn't it make you miserable if you cared about one man and felt sure he cared for you, and yet were bound to marry another?"

"That it wouldn't!" cried Huldah, emphatically, with a defiant toss of her little head. "For I shouldn't do it for anything or anybody!"

She put her arms about her companion again in an affectionate and a comforting embrace.

"Don't cry any more, Agatha—they will notice downstairs; and, oh, my dear, don't be miserable—don't! Things will all come right for you. I feel certain and sure somehow that you will never be Mrs. James Ryder. You will see."

They went downstairs together, and the gloom of the hall and the soft moonless summer dusk outside effectually hid Agatha's agitated tear-stained face.

Miss Milroy, flinging a shawl over her shoulders, accompanied her guests to the gate, sending a last cheerful message to Mrs. Corolyn, and her nephew and his friend strolled on after her.

Agatha parted from them quickly, for she was eager to get away, and between her two companions she walked slowly down the road.

Miss Milroy, chattering volubly, and declaring she would catch cold, turned towards the house again.

Mr. Tregeagle politely turned back with her—for he was very polite indeed to Miss Milroy.

His politeness was rather awkward and blundering, but it was delightfully genuine and honest.

Miss Brook stood with her arms folded on the top of the gate, her blue eyes turned thoughtfully in the direction of the three retreating figures; and Mr. Ackland stood looking at her and at them by turns with such a frown that Floss would hardly have known him.

Presently Huldah roused herself with a little sigh, then shook her head and glanced up at him.

"Why didn't you bring Floss, Mr. Ackland?" she inquired artlessly.

"It was too late for her."

"Oh—when you know you let her stay here last night until ten o'clock! Will you bring her to-morrow?"

"Probably not. I'm busy."

"I'll come and play with her in the morning if Miss Georgiana doesn't want me. May I?"

"By all means, if you wish."

They had turned away from the gate, and were walking slowly together towards the house—the tall, bearded, broad-shouldered man and the slender little woman, whose curly head did not quite reach his shoulder, although she held it as high as she possibly could.

How dreadfully stern and disagreeable he looked! And he had not glanced at her once, which was a piece of flagrant bad taste.

Huldah felt that this "stalking along," as she inwardly phrased it, in grim silence was terribly ridiculous—utterly absurd.

A queer little smile began to curve her lips; she looked up again, sidled a little nearer, and finally whispered coaxingly—

"Why are you so cross?"

"Cross?"

The childish question made him smile in spite of himself.

"I have no reason to be cross," he said, and half reluctantly let his eyes rest upon the little fairy figure.

"I know you haven't," she said pertingly—"that's what makes it so ridiculous! I'd hit somebody my own size if I were you!"

Then she burst into a ringing peal of laughter.

"I won't stay and talk to you if you can't be nice!" she cried; and in a moment she was running across the grass, as she had run on the night before, and her sweet mocking voice came floating back, singing gaily:

"'Pray sell me, sir, from your motley store
A heart that will love me for evermore!'"

* * * * *

"Just fancy, aunt Adelaide," said Agatha Woodward to Mrs. Corolyn, late that evening, "what has happened to Huldah! A gentleman, an old friend of Mr. Ackland's, has come over from Brisbane to pay him a visit, or to stop in England altogether perhaps, and he proves to be an old friend of her father's. It appears that Mr. Brook left some money behind him in this gentleman's care, to be invested for his daughter; and it has turned out so well that it has increased already to fifteen thousand pounds. And Mr. Tregeagle says that before very long he expects it will double itself, it is so well invested. Dear little thing—think of her being an heiress! Before long she will be richer than I am, I expect!"

And Agatha sighed gently, as if it were not, after all, so very desirable to be so rich.

CHAPTER IX.

THE fields round Spriggiestone were turning yellow in the ardent August sunshine. When Huldah took the short cut from the Gables and went to Long Cottage to play with Floss, she walked between tall ranks of golden ears almost as high as her own head and of very nearly the same color.

But she did not go thither so often as she used, although Floss lamented her absence pitifully and adored her more than ever. There were several reasons for this.

In the first place, the friendship between Miss Woodward and herself had flourished wonderfully during the past two months, and a couple of days rarely passed without a visit to the Gables from the pretty dark-eyed heiress.

Then, again, Mr. Tregeagle had not gone back to Brisbane, and did not seem to intend to go, appearing perfectly comfortable in his friend's "six-and-sevens" establishment, in spite of Mrs. Boskett's dismalness; and of course a young lady's unceremonious visits to this very bachelor abode could hardly be termed "the thing," in spite of Floss.

What kept her away most of all however was the fact that Mr. Ackland was still dreadfully cross.

He had never been quite the same to her since she had told him about James Ryder, and since the evening when he had watched her singing at the piano to Agatha Woodward's lover.

He had grown colder and colder, although he was always kind; and there was a shadow upon his face which used not to be there, even when he looked at her most gently.

He did not go nearly so often to the Gables, although Mr. Tregeagle was there nearly every day.

When Huldah did go to Long Cottage, Caleb almost avoided her; he never sat now and watched her play with Floss, nor joined in their frolics.

Miss Brook, noting all this, understood the cause of it, and laughed to herself mischievously, heartlessly, caring not at all. For there was no cause.

James Ryder had not gone away from the Manor—did not seem inclined to go—and whenever Agatha came to the Gables he came too—and very often he came alone.

In spite of his engagement to his cousin, in spite of her thirty thousand pounds and his own terrible lack of money, in spite too of the past, he was making love to Huldah Brook—making love secretly, eagerly, impatiently, with daily increasing recklessness and passion; for he was in love, desperately, as he had never been in his life before, and he knew it.

He thought, as she gave him reason to think, that the past—of which he was almost ashamed now—was forgiven, condoned, forgotten; for never by one word or look did she recall the days at "The Golden Fleece."

But for one thing, he himself would have tried to forget the past. She had loved him then, and in a thousand little ways she seemed to confess that she loved him now.

It was true she kept him at a distance; but that was not to be wondered at, for she knew of his engagement to Agatha. He began to loathe the wretched tie which for more than a year he had looked upon as his salvation.

He longed to break it, but, coward that he was, even with his new passion to sway him, he did not dare.

He would probably have been nearly as eager to break off his engagement with Agatha had Huldah been penniless. He was almost ready to sacrifice something for her; but luckily there was no need of sacrifice, for in a year or two she would doubtless be as rich as, if not richer than, Agatha.

If he were free, she would take him—he had not a doubt of that.

Why did not Agatha herself break the tie? She cared no more for him than he for her. Why did she not take that fool Townsend, who was always hovering about her?

Along the foot-path between the tall ranks of corn-ears—so tall here and there that they nearly caught her little fleecy golden curls and pricked her fresh pink cheeks—Miss Brook was tripping, holding up her crisp print skirts with one hand and carrying a bunch of scarlet poppies and blue cornflowers in the other.

She was taking a message from Miss Georgiana to Long Cottage—for she still fulfilled all her little duties of companion with scrupulous fidelity—and she was in the best of spirits, for she was singing softly, and there was the brightest of contented smiles in her eyes and upon her lips.

Mother Hubbard's sweet little face seemed to have grown prettier than ever in the past two months.

Floss rushed at her with a scream of delight, of course, although she had to scramble down from her father's knee to do it; for Mr. Ackland sat soberly smoking and reading his newspaper as well as his imperious small tyrant would let him under the apple-tree.

He looked up, put down his newspaper, and followed Floss in her rush at the little figure standing just within the gate.

But Huldah could not put her hand into his just at first because of Floss's clinging embrace and Floss's ecstatic dancing round her.

"I fought you never was coming again," cried the young lady, in a tone of the deepest injury, reproaching her idol and enthusiastically hugging her at one and the same time. "Papa said pwaps you'd wun away again. "Didn't you, papa?"

"Not this time, darling. I don't think I shall run away again—not just yet, that is. We shall see, she'n't we?"

Huldah kissed the little brown face, and then looked up into the face above which it so quaintly resembled.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Mr. Ackland," she said, a little primly, "but I need not keep you a moment. I have a message from Miss Georgiana."

"You don't disturb me, child. What is it?"

He spoke in his most paternally grave fashion, feeling very old because she was so young and so sweet, and he smiled, sadly amused at the stiff little speech and the haughty drooping of the lids over the blue eyes and the formal pursing of the childish mouth.

It was impossible to feel angry with her or cold towards her.

"It is very kind of you to take the trouble," he said. "Sit down and rest for a while, won't you? It will break Floss's heart, poor mite, if you run away again at once! What is the message?"

They had crossed over to the seat from which he had risen, and Miss Brook sat down and took off her straw hat.

"Nothing very much. Miss Georgiana had had a letter from her lawyer, and she wants to talk to you about it. May I say you will come?"

"I'll go too! I want you to tell me some tales!" shouted Floss decisively, drowning her father's word of assent.

"Perhaps I sha'n't be there to-night, dear—I may go to the Manor," said Huldah, blushing, for there was no immediate prospect of her doing anything of the kind.

She would have departed with this but that Floss remonstrated so loudly and energetically that she found herself obliged to abandon her dignity and indulge in a romp.

It was a very long and very hearty romp, as merry a frolic as ever the two had had together.

When it was over, and the scandalised and doleful Mrs. Boskett had called Floss away to have a clean pinafore put on and her hair combed, Huldah sat down upon the seat again, laughing, flushed, and breathless, fanned her hot cheeks with her big hat, and quite forgot her stateliness.

"Isn't Mr. Tregeagle about, Mr. Ackland?" she asked gaily. "Or is he going to cut me! I don't see him."

"Upon my word, I don't exactly know where he is—I have not seen him since breakfast. He has gone out most likely, for he is uncommonly fond of strolling about these lanes of ours, dear old boy!"

"Yes, that's just the right name for him—he is a dear old boy!" cried Huldah; and then she laughed a queer little laugh, glancing up from under her curling lashes. "Mr. Ackland, I'm going to ask you something. Would you be surprised if by-and-by somebody should be married?"

"Miss Woodward, I suppose?"

"Agatha? Oh, dear, no! I don't think she will be married just yet."

"Mr. Ryder is very patient," said Mr. Ackland drily.

"Very—isn't he? But, do you know, I don't think Agatha will marry him after all, somehow?"

"Don't you?" he said curtly.

"No"—she looked down, feigning to smooth out a crease in her dress, a roguish smile, which he did not see, dimpling her cheeks—"no, I don't!" she went on, with a little artless shake of the head. "She does not really care about him, you know, poor fellow; and I don't think he was ever very fond of her. It was her money, you see; and he is so poor, he couldn't help thinking a little about it. But that isn't what I was going to say. I didn't mean Agatha a bit! How would you like"—looking up with laughing eyes and lips—"to have a very nice uncle?"

"What?" cried Caleb Ackland, and then burst into a loud and hearty laugh. So astonished and amused was he that for the moment he forgot the agony she had been causing him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

CLEARING CLOGGED PIPES.—A retired plumber says that clogged water pipes can be cleared by pouring enough liquid soda lye into the pipe at night and not allowing any water to run till the next morning. During the night the lye will convert all the offal into soft soap, and the first current of water in the moring will wash it all away.

GLASS TAPESTRY.—The new French glass mosaic work for windows is novel and easily executed. It is sometimes called "glass tapestry." Small colored glass studs are fixed into a peculiarly prepared canvas. A design in various colors is followed, and the result is brilliant. Placed in a window the effect is that of a rich stained glass, with raised work. It is unbreakable and can be easily fastened in place.

CONSUMPTION.—The supposed remedial agency of the odor of cows and cow-stables in cases of consumption is to be tried near Berlin, on a unique scale. A vast circular building has been erected, in the basement of which several hundred cows will be kept, and the odor of the stables be conducted to the rooms in the upper stories. In the centre of the building is a large yard, for which a whey-cure, bathing-rooms, etc., are planned.

COMPRESSED AIR.—Cars worked by compressed air are now running in England. They are like ordinary cars without horses, and they take their turn with the horse-cars. The air is contained in reservoirs under the cars, and is warmed by passing through hot water contained in a receiver, before it goes to the engines, which are also under the car. This heating prevents the formation of hoar-frost in the cylinders, owing to the cooling due to the expansion of the compressed air which actuates the engines.

BLACK VARNISH FOR IRON WORK.—To make a good black varnish for iron work, take eight pounds of asphaltum and fuse it in an iron kettle, then add two gallons of boiled linseed oil, one pound of litharge, half a pound of sulphate of zinc; add these slowly, or it will fume over, and boil for three hours. Then add one and a half pounds of dark gum amber, and boil for two hours longer, or until the mass will become quite thick when cool. After this it should be thinned with turpentine to the proper consistency.

Farm and Garden.

OLD WELLS.—Old wells in the fields should never be boarded over, but filled up. They often cause injury to stock when boarded over, as the boards rot and unexpectedly fall in. A large number of animals are annually lost by old wells or sinks in the fields.

DOCKING.—Docking the tails of horses was a practice in vogue forty years ago, the "bobtail nags" being in demand. Of recent years it is again being practiced to a certain extent. The cruelty of so doing is that it deprives the animal of its only defense against the attacks of insects. The horse cannot have too much tail in summer.

HEAVY AND LIGHT.—Heavy hogs do not sell as readily as do those of medium weight. A 300 pound hog is better fitted for the lard tub than for the table. Small hogs are always preferred, those weighing about 150 pounds each producing a better quality of meat than those that are much heavier.

THE WORKSHOP.—A corner of the barn, or an outbuilding devoted to the purpose of a workshop, in which a bench can be placed, will enable the farmer to do many small jobs that otherwise entail loss of time in sending to the wood-worker or blacksmith. Only a few tools are required, and the cost will be but a small sum.

CHURNING.—Sweet cream and sour cream when churned together will not produce good butter; yet it is safe to say that a large majority of farmers' wives hold the cream for a week in order to collect a sufficient quantity for a churning. This matter of saving cream is what throws so much inferior butter on the market. When churning is done it is best to have the whole of the cream of the same quality.

SHELTER.—Look to the winter shelter. The more exposed the animal during the cold weather the more food required. All the warmth of the body must come from the food, and no animal can fatten except on the food left over from that required for bodily warmth. Shelter is equivalent to food in that respect, and the more comfortable the stock the lower the cost and the greater the gain.

EGGS.—The special food to cause hens to lay are secret preparations, but the following is considered a good formula: Two pounds each of bone, linseed cake, dried meat, oats, oyster shells, all finely ground; one ounce of sulphur, two ounces of red pepper, four ounces each of common salt and copperas, and one ounce of bread soda. Mix the whole thoroughly, and allow a tablespoonful of salt three times a week to each fowl. As the cost of these substances will be but little, quite a large quantity can be made at once.

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 2 1878.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
(IN ADVANCE.)

1 Copy One Year..... $2 00
2 Copies One Year..... 3 50
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 5 00
10 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 10 00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all the members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check, or Registered Letter.

Always enclose postage for correspondence requiring separate reply, to insure response.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication Office, 726 Sansom St.

Depression of Mind.

There is a mental condition with which we all become acquainted some time or other during our existence, which is neither ennui, discontent, [illegible] nor disappointment, but simply sheer depression of spirit; and, as a rule, we cannot altogether account for it even to ourselves—it is inexplicable to us, but the fact of its presence is undeniable, and it may be defined as temporary mental and physical collapse.

How far depression is synonymous with weariness we are not prepared to say, but will merely remark that the former may attack either an energetic or an apathetic person, with or without definite cause; while depression is a worse and more acute form of bodily and mental debility than the other.

Weariness would generally have more reason for being, and be attributable in the majority of cases to overwork of various kinds, worry, or anxiety, either of which would suffice to cause it.

But depression is somewhat different; it is insidious in character, while its origin is doubtful and sometimes unknown; it varies in degree from a sense of dulness to a condition approaching hypochondria.

In severe cases, even when they are only of brief duration, the amount of despondency is so great as to make a person in easy circumstances, and without troubles, almost wish for death in preference to the distorted and gloomy views of life which are engendered by depression when it is suffered from in an acute form.

An extraordinary fact about this is, that in the case of pure depression the surroundings are not always effectual as a curative. For instance, one's dearest friend may be present, or some other pleasant circumstance afoot, and yet it is only by strong effort that a semblance of cheerfulness is obtainable, though when similarly situated in one's normal condition how much pleasure would be felt.

There are cases of this kind when all amusements, erstwhile congenial, pall, and the only wish remaining is to be let alone and unoccupied; when one cannot concentrate one's attention on reading, writing, or other recreations, and yet does not think of anything very special, or to a greater extent than usual.

Given this condition, the subject may have an ordinarily good appetite and sleep well (the latter perhaps better than when in otherwise perfect health), and yet be in a melancholy mood.

People say that the exercise of a rigid self control would prevent, or at least greatly ameliorate depression; but it would surely need an iron will to do this, as one may wish to be lively and talkative in the society of others, and still the feeling of utter despondency will conquer for the time.

The query naturally comes, why should a person be causelessly depressed to this extent? Well, the chain of evidence between cause and effect is not always to be clearly defined; but dyspepsia would be conducive to depression—so would great monotony or a relaxing neighborhood; any of these three conditions would, in time, bring things to such a pass.

A person under the influence of the "cerulean demons" (an euphemism for a well worn slang designation) is certainly trying to the rest of the family, but it is undoubtedly worse for the individual.

Imagine a morbid state of mind during which all desires have temporarily fled, and are replaced by a complete mental exhaustion and disinclination for either work or pleasure. When one feels convinced of one's personal uselessness, and inferiority to one's contemporaries and associates, a conviction increased by retrospection, then repentance and good resolutions both vanish; the former seems unavailing, the latter appear futile; and one concludes that life in general is a mistake, and one's own in particular a miserable failure.

Then all that remains to do is to submit for the moment, and by patient waiting and persevering effort endeavor to shake oneself rapidly—or gradually, if needs must—free of the gloom, which is probably encouraged or slightly increased by thinking too much of oneself and too little of others.

The study of self, if pursued earnestly, is apt to become too engrossing (although it may be neither amusing nor profitable), besides which it creates, or aids the acquisition of, downright selfishness. This is accompanied by self indulgence to an extent which might in a measure justify the melancholy thoughts referred to above.

Look around on the most popular people of one's acquaintance, and it will be seen that the most worthy of affection and respect are those who study and contribute to the happiness or well-being of others more than their own.

Such persons are not usually addicted to depression; they are too much engrossed with their associates to give time or thought to moods and feelings; consequently they are generally cheerful, and at least characterized by moderately good spirits.

The more we occupy our minds and the faculties of brain and body, the less we shall suffer from depression of spirits (unless from physical causes or trouble), which are fed by want of moral control and absence of congenial society or employment.

Always the idea of unbroken quiet broods around the grave. It is a port where the storms of life never beat, and the forms that have been tossed on its chafing waves lie quiet forevermore. There the child nestles as peacefully as ever it lay in its mother's arms, and the workman's hands lie still by his side, and the thinker's brain is pillowed in silent mystery, and the poor girl's broken heart is steeped in a balm that extracts its secret woe, and is in the keeping of a charity that covers all blame.

According to Solomon, life and death are in the power of the tongue; and as Euripides truly affirmeth, every unbridled tongue in the end shall find itself unfortunate; for in all that ever I observed in the course of worldly things, I ever found that men's fortunes are oftener made by their tongues than by their virtues, and more men's fortunes overthrown thereby, also, than by their vices.

To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine forever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man.

Embellish the soul with simplicity, with prudence, and everything which is neither virtuous nor vicious. Love all men. Walk according to God; for, as a poet hath said, His laws govern all.

People generally despise where they flatter, and cringe to those they would gladly overtop; so that truth and ceremony are two things.

The grave buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throb that he should have warred with the poor handful of dust that lies mouldering before him?

If we do not watch, we lose our opportunities; if we do not make haste, we are left behind; our best hours escape us, the worst are come. The purest part of our life runs first, and leaves only the dregs at the bottom; and that time which is good for nothing else we dedicate to virtue; and only begin to live at an age that very few people arrive at.

St. Augustine teaches us that there is in each man a Serpent, an Eve and an Adam. Our senses and natural propensities are the Serpent, the excitable desire is the Eve, and reason is the Adam. Our nature tempts us perpetually; criminal desire is often excited; but sin is not completed till reason consents.

Temperance keeps the senses clear and unembarrassed, and makes them seize the object with more keenness and satisfaction. It appears with life in the face and decorum in the person; it gives you the command of your head, secures your health, and preserves you in a condition for business.

One does not require nor think of a fire often in spring or autumn; yet when we have happened by chance to pass near one, the sensation it communicates is so pleasant that we feel rather inclined to indulge it. This is analogous to temptation, and the moral is. "Keep away from the fire."

When the flesh presents thee with delights, then present thyself with dangers; where the world possesses thee with vain hopes, there possess thyself with true fear; when the devil brings thee oil, bring thou vinegar. The way to be safe is never to be secure.

No place, no company, no age, no person is temptation-free. Let no man boast that he was never tempted; let him not be high minded, but fear, for he may be surprised in that very instant wherein he boasteth that he was never tempted at all.

Men will die for an opinion as soon as for anything else. Whatever excites the spirit of contradiction is capable of producing the last effects of heroism, which is only the highest pitch of obstinacy in a good or a bad cause, in wisdom or folly.

As for the difference of opinion upon speculative questions, if we wait until they are reconciled, the action of human affairs must be suspended forever. But neither are we to look for perfection in any one man nor for agreement among many.

The most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture; as true measures that of harmony and music.

An Indian philosopher, being asked what were, according to his opinion, the two most beautiful things in the universe, answered: "The starry heavens above our heads, and the feeling of duty in our hearts."

The health of the soul is as precarious as that of the body; for when we seem secure from passions, we are no less in danger of their infection than we are of falling ill when we appear to be well.

Most men take least notice of what is plain, as if that was of no use; but puzzle their thoughts to be themselves in those vast depths and abysses which no human understanding can fathom.

The flatterer easily insinuates himself into the closet, while honest merit stands shivering in the hall or antechamber.

Prayer purifies; it is a self-preached sermon.

The World's Happenings.

Spelling bees are being revived in Boston.

Young folks in Chester county hunt foxes by moonlight.

The roller skating craze is at its height in Washington Territory and Oregon.

A Delaware peach grower says that on a sale amounting to over $1200 his net profit was but 2 cents.

The first Directory of the city of New York was published in 1786, and contained but 360 names.

The people of the United States use, in round numbers, about a hundred million lead pencils every year.

A blind man, who pleaded guilty to an attempt at burglary, was sent to the penitentiary for 3 months by a New York judge.

Some of the saloonkeepers in Phillipsburg, Pa., refuse, it is said, to sell to persons who voted against license at the recent election.

The chief duty of one of the watchmen in the New York postoffice is to collect the keys of boxes that are left in the locks by careless men and boys.

Railways are said to consume more than one-half of the world's production of iron, the car wheels in the United States alone taking more than two million tons.

The death of a Topeka, Kan., man was caused by a cake of soap, which slipped from his hands, striking a small tumor on his leg and causing a fatal hemorrhage.

A British sportsman recommends that the bantam, which is particularly pugnacious and active, be turned wild, in the hope of having it become an available bird for sport.

A new device of the Patriotic League of France is to engrave on monuments the figures "1870-18—," the blank being the date of the War of Revenge, which is left to the imagination.

A Boston clerk, after having spent several hours getting a stove in readiness for use, discovered to his great disgust that he had passed the pipe between the rounds of a long ladder which he used.

A cuff that served the purpose of a postal card passed through the Atlanta postoffice a day or two ago. The stamp and address were on one side and the message written in lead pencil on the other.

An Atlanta book dealer keeps numerous files of local papers, in order to supply the demand for back numbers. He finds it a lucrative business, too, oftentimes getting as much as five dollars for a single paper.

An unknown rascal entered a stable at Troy, Ga., and administered strychnine to 12 valuable horses. When the dastardly act was discovered most of the horses' jaws were locked, and they were writhing in agony.

A Canton, O., couple eloped in a milk wagon. It was owned by the groom, a prosperous dairyman. The girl belongs to a wealthy family, and had been "keeping company" for several years against her father's wishes.

An Athens Ga., farmer, who had been troubled by the loss of eatables, discovered the thief the other day in the shape of an opossum, which sat contentedly munching a piece of meat when he entered the kitchen to make a fire.

An intoxicated man, who died on a New York doorstep lately, was subsequently identified as an ex-millionaire merchant of New Orleans. Four years ago he began dissipating, and his wife, now living in New York, on that account left him.

The plan of stupefying birds with whisky, so that their capture can be more easily accomplished, is being successfully tried on quail by an enterprising fellow at Santa Cruz, Cal. Quail abounds there just now, and large catches are being made.

The "honeymoon cars" have not become popular on the Spanish railroads. Although several months have elapsed since they were put into service, up to a recent date they had not been used by even a single couple. The carriages are intended exclusively for couples on their wedding tour.

A sagacious Italian in New York, whose only real estate is a movable chestnut stand, has hit upon an idea to prevent policemen from helping themselves to his wares. He has fastened small pieces of barbed wire along the sides of his stand and over the chestnuts, rendering it impossible for a passer-by to remove anything from the stand without receiving a severe scratching. The Italian reports increased profits since he invented the "protector," as he calls it.

One of the oldest houses in the country in the ladies' and gentleman's hair-dressing, wig-making and general toilet line, is that of Dollard & Co., this city. It was first located opposite the State House in 1838, where it has since remained. Mr. Richard Dollard, the original founder, and his wife, who continued the business with great success for many years, are both deceased, but under the management of their sons-in-law, Messrs. Hopkins and Farr, the increasing business has compelled a removal to more commodious and centrally located quarters. With this object they have purchased the splendid building 1228 Chestnut, and fitted it up in new and palatial style with the most improved trade appliances, conveniences, and other features of elegance and taste. Such, indeed, is the richness and beauty of all the surroundings that it is not saying too much to assert that they are unsurpassed, if equalled, in comfort and grandeur in any place of the kind in the United States. The Post rarely endorses any establishment, but from intimate personal knowledge and experience of this firm, we can unhesitatingly and thoroughly assure our readers that in all dealings with them they may depend upon the best of workmanship, and that any contracts made will be fulfilled to the letter. In one of their specialties—that of wig-making, and other forms of artificial head dress—Dollard & Co., bear the deserved reputation of doing the finest work in the country, its excellence being such that, even under the closest examination, it has all the perfect set and appearance of the natural hair.

HER CHARMS.

BY W. S. WOOLLAM.

It is not that her face is fair
  Above all mortal faces;
It is not that still lingers there
  A charm from childhood's graces.

It is not this, nor that, nor aught
  Of isolated sweetness;
'Tis something Love thro'out has wrought
  To beautiful completeness.

A something we can not define—
  An influence about her,
That renders things in her divine,
  Which were not so without her.

Even as scenes not rare grow rare
  When sunset hues have crowned them,
Her graces shine supremely fair
  In that pure light around them.

Woodbine.

BY E. C. CONAU.

IN the heart of the green woods, where the halcyon summer days are one long delicious gleaming, and the sunbeams which stray through the arching roof of giant trees turn the velvet sod into a fantastical mosaic of green and gold, here and there interspersed with patches of still more gorgeous coloring, lounges a youth who has evidently arrived first at the trysting place, and is waiting for his love.

He is a noble specimen of the genus homo, tall and stalwart, with a handsome blonde head, well set upon a pair of broad shoulders; the carelessness of his dress—or rather undress—adding to, more than taking from, the air of breeding which distinguishes his every movement.

He has been waiting a long, long time for his tardy sweetheart, but no impatient exclamation breaks from him, nor does an angry frown mar the charm of his sunny expression; only a slight change of posture now and then, or a temporary cessation of the lively tune he is whistling, denotes his weariness as he casts an occasional glance towards the long, straight vista of interlacing boughs.

A faint sound in the distance—as of a fairy stumbling over a fallen leaf—faint, but distinct enough to reach the expectant lover's ear.

He stops and listens attentively. Yes, it is the well-known footstep; far off as yet, but drawing rapidly nearer.

Soon there comes into view a pretty, fluttering figure, gliding through the sombre greenery; but when the girl arrives within a few paces of her lover she halts abruptly, regarding the young man with an expression half-shy, half-coquettish.

Dame Nature had surely been in one of her most gracious moods when she bestowed such a rich dower of loveliness upon fair Woodbine, the gamekeeper's daughter.

A dark eyed, raven-haired, cherry lipped beauty she is, fresh as a new-blown rose and graceful as a young fawn, with no lack of refinement in either appearance or manner.

The noblest dame in all the land might have envied the natural grace and dignity of deportment that adorns this sweet woodland blossom; indeed, her mother had been a lady born and bred, the descendant of a long line of haughty ancestors (for, strange to say, she was the daughter of a country squire), but, being left motherless in her babyhood, her father had abandoned the child to her own devices, and in consequence she grew up self willed to excess, but generous and sweet-tempered—a beautiful though neglected flower; and when Ralph Derwent, the steward's ambitious son, was bold enough to make advances to his master's daughter, that young lady received those advances graciously, the upshot of the matter being that the inexperienced girl ran away with her humble lover, and was, from that time forth, disowned by all her family.

After the lapse of many years, and having gone through great vicissitudes, Ralph Derwent was fortunate enough to obtain a situation as head gamekeeper to Lord Abbeylind, and, almost immediately upon taking possession of the cottage assigned to them, their youngest child was born.

Little Woodbine—as her mother named her—was the only one of their numerous offspring that survived its birth, and both parents idolized her.

She inherited not only her mother's remarkable beauty, but also her extreme delicacy and refinement of nature, together with a dash of that haughty independence which had enabled Isabel Hylliard to defy her relatives' anger as well as society's scorn.

The keeper and his high-born wife were intensely happy in their married relations, and the latter never regretted the rash step she had taken in early youth, her only real trouble being the loss of her children; so when Woodbine was born, all her affections became centred in the beautiful baby, whom she cherished tenderly, and educated to the best of her ability; but alas! just as the girl was bursting into the bloom and loveliness of womanhood, her mother died, and from thenceforth Ralph Derwent became an altered man.

But all this time Woodbine has been left standing at some distance from the youth upon whom she has bestowed all the wealth of her love—the first outpouring of a fresh, warm heart.

And what has he given her in return?

Passionate, boyish admiration, or the fervent, yet steady, affection which alone can crown her young life? Time will tell.

Lucien Carr stands immovable, his eyes alone expressing the glad welcome which his tongue refuses to utter; at last he holds out both hands, and the bashful beauty draws a step nearer—only a step; but the spell is broken, and the next moment they are in each other's arms, heart to heart, and lip to lip.

"Darling Blossom—or, rather, naughty Blossom—how could you be so cruel as to keep me waiting all this time?"

And the young man gently strokes the wavy, dark head lying on his breast.

"I could not help it," she replies. "Father has been at home ever since dinner; he only went out half an hour ago. Do you know, Lucien," she goes on, with hurried breath, "I am afraid he is beginning to suspect about you—you."

The young man started and changed color.

"Oh, I hope not," he cries earnestly.

Woodbine wrenches herself from his embrace.

"You hope not!" she echoes, somewhat tartly.

"My pretty Blossom, it is quite impossible that any serious conversation can be held at arm's length. Come and sit here."

So saying, he draws her down with gentle force upon the yielding sod, and twining one arm round her taper waist, takes possession of her pretty brown hand.

"When I return from Scotland," he says, "I shall go straight to your father and tell him that I love his daughter."

"No use," she affirms. "As I said before, he is so prejudiced against your class that it would simply be an insult your telling him any such thing. Besides,"—here she lowers her voice to a whisper, and hangs her head disconsolately—"he wants me to marry someone else."

"You told me you had no sweethearts!" exclaims her lover, reproachfully. "Oh, Blossom!"

"I have not—indeed, I have not," is the eager response, "except you"—with bewitching coquetry. "But I must have at least one admirer, for Mr. Hodgson wants to marry me."

"Hodgson! Do you mean that great coarse yeoman?"

"I would rather be burned to death than become his wife," replies Woodbine, excitedly, ears of mortification starting to her luminous dark eyes. "When father spoke to me about it to day I flew into a downright passion, and we quarrelled for the first time in our lives. He has altered so much lately that I really do not know what to make of him."

"Well, as you have faithfully promised to marry me, there is nothing for it but to say no to this suitor of your father's choosing," answers Lucien, drawing her closer to him.

"He always allowed me to have my own way," puts in the girl, alluding to her sire, "and now he has suddenly taken to watching my every movement and ordering me about; but I will not be coerced," she goes on, the spirit of her mother's race leaping into her lovely brown eyes; "especially into marrying a wretch, with hair like a sweeping-brush and whiskers like cocoanut fibre!"

And she laughs hysterically.

Lucien laughs, too, but looks grave the next moment.

"I should have gone to Scotland before this," he says. "But cheer up my bonnie Blossom! Only trust me for a few short weeks, then I defy all the Hodgsons in the world to tear you from me. I shall soon return to my sweetheart."

"Oh, Lucien, why need you go at all?" she cries, clinging to him.

"Because——Blossom, you believe me to be only a poor travelling artist; but if I live for it, and do not displease my mother, I shall some day be in a much more exalted position."

"I understand," she puts in quickly. "Your mother will not allow you to—to ——"

Her voice dies away in a dreary sob, and she tries to draw herself from her lover's embrace; but he clasps her still tighter in his arms.

"Even if my mother objects to our marriage—which I hope and believe she will not—I still have ample means. Come what will, darling, let us be faithful to our vows."

"Yes," she answers, simply. "But it is very sad to think that our love for each other may be the means of separating us from our parents."

* * * * * *

Time had not dealt gently with the gamekeeper, and, looking at him now, it would be difficult to conceive that Ralph Derwent had ever been the handsome fellow who won beautiful Isabel Hylliard's noble heart.

Since his wife's death he had become more and more the slave of intemperance, and every year that passes over his head adds to the coarseness and heaviness of his build and the rugged harshness of his features, while the sullen doggedness of manner he has lately cultivated seems to communicate itself to even his very expression.

An evil-tempered obstinate man he looks, sitting this August afternoon in his cushioned chair.

The window of the room kept so dainty by his pretty daughter is thrown wide open, revealing a trim flower garden filled with old fashioned favorites, beside many choicer specimens; and a judicious gap cut in the timber of the park discloses as exquisite a bit of landscape as the eye could wish to rest upon—a panorama of smooth shaven meadows and undulating cornfields, a glimpse of the purple crowned hills, and through a fertile valley, a sparkling stream winding in and out like a silver ribbon.

The man sitting opposite the gamekeeper appears even a greater blot upon the charming surroundings than he is himself, for in addition to the embellishments already described by Woodbine, James Hodgson possesses a pair of small bloodshot eyes with a most ferocious expression.

These orbs are just now fixed vindictively upon the girl herself as she stands facing both men, her Hebe-like freshness and graceful beauty forming a sharp contrast to their heavy uncomeliness.

"I say you shall give this honest man an answer today!" thunders Ralph Derwent, bringing down his huge fist on the table.

"I have given it already, father," she replies scornfully; "but if he wishes me to repeat it, why—No!"

And she hurls the word at her repulsive looking suitor as if it were a missile.

"Are you mad?" roars the gamekeeper. "No—to a man who is better off than Squire Mellifont himself, and who is willing to settle everything he has upon you! What does the girl want!"

"At all events, I don't want him," returns Woodbine, spiritedly. "Nor his farm, nor his cows, nor—nor his money in the bank! Father," she continues, imploringly, "send him away. I cannot bear his presence. When Lu——"

Here she falters and breaks down, blushing crimson.

"Mayhap you don't know how often I saw you in the wood with that young spark who was staying at the Wheatsheaf," puts in Mr. Hodgson, with a coarse sneer. "Any other man would sheer off on account of him, but I have spoken the word, and I'll stick to it, so here's my hand, Ralph. Let Miss Woodbine buy her wedding-dress, and I promise not to say another word about the sneaking cur, who I hear went away without paying his bill."

"You are a liar!" breaks out Woodbine, almost beside herself with passion. "And I would die a hundred deaths rather than marry you!"

"You'll marry him this day month, or leave my house for ever," cries the gamekeeper with a fierce oath. "Come, I will give you three days to make up your mind."

"My mind is made up," returns Woodbine, with supernatural calmness. "I distinctly refuse to do so—this day month, or ever!"

Blinded with rage, her father springs from his chair, and deals the spirited girl a heavy blow across her cheek with his open palm, while Mr. Hodgson gives utterance to an expression of decided approval; but the keeper's hand, uplifted for a second stroke, falls heavily to his side as Woodbine's sharp, involuntary cry rings out, "Oh, if mother could see this!"

Then, snatching her hat from the peg on which it hangs, the girl turns and rushes out of the cottage, with that shameful red mark burning on her pallid face—rushes from the cottage, never to return again.

* * * * * *

"The young man as brought you here owed me three weeks' rent, and there is six more since he went away. That makes nine. Now, ma'am—miss, I should say—I wants my money, if you please."

Mrs. Todd is a tall virago of vast proportions, with pendulous, fiery-hued cheeks; and the yellow ribbons in her cap vibrate with passion as, arms akimbo, she towers over poor, shrinking Woodbine, whose great, dark eyes now seem too large for the small, white face.

"I—I have got very little," falters the latter; "but I expect Mr. Carr to return every day, and——"

"Oh—h! you have been expecting Mr. Whatever-he-calls-himself to return these five weeks, and here I have gone and laid out my hard-earned money on you! I was took in—I freely confess it. Only this very blessed arternoon, the lady in ninety-four opened my eyes. You a married woman! You're as much married as—as ——"

And, failing to find a smile, Mrs. Todd plumps into a chair, regarding her hapless young lodger with a virtuous scowl.

"I certainly am married," returns Woodbine, plucking up spirit; "and when my husband comes back he will——"

"I'd like to see the marriage lines," interposes her landlady, satirically. "But that's not here or there. All I've got to say is, pay up, and tramp!"

"I cannot," answers the girl, desperately; "the money he left me is almost gone."

"You have a gold watch and chain," replies the harpy; "and that ring should be worth money"—pointing to a diamond which sparkles on Woodbine's slender finger.

"Oh, I cannot part with that! It was my husband's first gift, and I value it very highly."

"Bosh! You must give me either money or money's worth; if not, I'll call in the perlice, and settle the matter at once. My respectable lodgings ain't for the likes of you."

The girl's pale face crimsons, but there is a touch of the old haughty spirit left; and drawing herself up proudly, Woodbine replies, "You need not threaten, I shall go out and dispose of all my jewelry, and perhaps as you know London better than I do, you will accompany me."

"Oh, yes; I'll go," returns Mrs. Todd, with alacrity, "and I'll take care that you aren't cheated in the bargain! Not that I believe that you are the greenhorn you pretend to be," she adds, with a grin on her face.

* * * * * *

Space will not permit us to describe the meeting between Woodbine and her lover after she had rushed, smarting with pain and indignation, from her father's cottage. Suffice it to say that she fled with him to London, a license was procured, and in three days they were married.

The three months that ensued were simply a honeyed dream of intense, unalloyed happiness, and then came a cloud on their bright horizon—at first a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand.

The young husband confided to his bride that his mother had not only refused her consent to their marriage, but had also stopped his allowance, and, in consequence, their funds were running alarming short—so much so, that it was imperatively necessary they should remove from their present expensive lodgings.

Woodbine, sympathizing with his trouble, cheerfully acquiesced, and, after changing their domicile two or three times, they at length found themselves permanently located in the highly-respectable Mrs. Todd's apartments at Pentonville.

Lucien worked hard at the profession he had first chosen only for pastime, but it brought in little or nothing, and their supply of ready-money continued running lower and lower.

He tried to keep all trouble from his girl-wife, putting off her anxious queries with an affectation of high spirits; but at last he told her, when starvation actually stared them in the face, that he had made up his mind to go and make a final appeal to his mother in person.

Woodbine thought her heart would break when he held her in his arms, covering her face with kisses, and even tears, but whispering to keep up good courage, and that he would return in a week, at farthest; then, dividing his

scanty stock of money with her, he went away.

Oh! the sickening anxiety of the days which followed—days that slowly dragged themselves into weeks without word or sign coming to the desolate girl in her lonely lodgings.

Not a doubt of the loved one's good faith and allegiance ever entered her head; still she could not account for his silence, and, as he had left her no address to which she might write, all she can do is to wait and hope; and she is still waiting, still hoping and praying, when the landlady's cruel words fall upon her tortured ear—words, the meaning of which it would be impossible for her to mistake.

Even now Woodbine's innate pride and courage sustain her.

God pity her! she will want plenty of both in her unequal struggle for existence. When she had parted with all her valuables, except her wedding-ring, and satisfied Mrs. Todd's claims, there is barely five pounds left, and with this she goes out to seek another shelter; alone, into the cold, cruel world—alone in London; a simple, country-reared girl—alone in London.

And the man who had vowed at God's altar to protect and cherish her—where is he?

* * * * * *

A horrible night; the icy cold rain falling with a steady persistence that makes poor homeless wretches shrink into their dreary lodgings in wind-swept arches, &c., at least two hours before their accustomed time, vainly endeavoring to avoid the cutting breeze which penetrates to the marrow of one's bones—truly the last of nights upon which an outdoor vocalist could expect a hearing, and yet one poor soul essays to lift her voice.

A beautiful voice it would be if its owner and not starving, and shivering with cold dividual stands to it is, not a solitary inballad which she feebly quivers pathetic old

A shabby-looking man, who is hurrying by, suddenly stops, but, after listening for a second or two, passes on.

Before he takes half a dozen steps, however, some impulse induces him to wheel sharply round.

"Woodbine! My goodness! Can it be you?"

The minstrel turns her ghastly, pinched face, with the feeble rays of a gas-lamp falling full upon it, in the speaker's direction.

But she utters no shriek, or even loud exclamation; only the word "Father!" issues mechanically from her white lips.

"What are you doing here, and at this hour? But I need not ask," continues Ralph Derwent, bitterly; "it is the old story. You have been deserted."

"No, I—I don't think so!" falters poor Woodbine, loyal still in the midst of her great misery.

"Oh, that my Isabel's daughter should be reduced to this! Where do you live, my poor unhappy darling?"

"I have no home," she answers, drearily.

"Then come with me."

And, drawing her hand through his arm with rough tenderness, Ralph Derwent compels her to lean all her light weight on him.

During their short walk, Woodbine relates everything that happened after she fled from her home.

Her scanty stock of money soon became exhausted, and she since earned a precarious livelihood by singing in the streets; but this very morning she had been turned out of the miserable lodgings she was unable to pay for, and had not broken her fast since the night before.

She has scarcely concluded her forlorn recital when they arrive at the locality in which the gamekeeper rents a garret, and, entering a dilapidated-looking house, he half-carries his daughter up the squalid and filthy staircase that winds its interminable way to the roof, until at last they reach the miserable den Ralph Derwent now calls his home.

A low fire burns in the rusty grate, and when the keeper lights a tallow candle, set in an empty bottle, the sordid wretchedness of the whole place is fully revealed. There are no articles of furniture, except a battered table and a chair; the open door of a rude cupboard discloses some coarse food and a flask of spirits, while a tumbled heap of clothes upon the floor is the only evidence of any sleeping arrangements.

With a cry of intense appreciation, Woodbine kneels upon the threadbare mat before the fire, holding her blue fingers close to the warmth.

The long, sodden cloak which hides the raggedness of her other apparel is the same country-made garment she had taken with her from the cottage, while the limp, summer hat, now crushed down upon her rich but neglected hair, is the very one she so violently snatched from its peg; and Ralph Derwent stands for a long time regarding the pallid shadow of his once beautiful child.

At length he stoops forward and touches her on the shoulder.

"Woodbine, my poor darling," he whispers, hoarsely, "I thank the Providence that sent you to me this night. I can earn plenty of money—plenty for us both; but, if I had not come across you this evening, I meant to have first finished that,"—pointing to the bottle of spirits—"and then put an end to my wretched existence! Two hours ago I bought this."

Woodbine turns with a great start; and, as he bends over her, she sees something in this hand—something that glitters faintly in the dim light.

"Oh, father! Oh, my goodness!" she screams. And, suddenly wrenching it from his grasp, she hurls it into the midst of the now glowing coals.

* * * * * *

"I shall never be happy again unless I find my darling. Oh, Pet, it drives me mad to think that while I am sitting here, wrapped in luxury, Woodbine may be wandering about the streets—homeless, starving!"

And sobbing hoarsely, Lucien Carr covers his face with both hands.

"Let us hope for the best, Lucien—dear brother—in your state of health it is madness to give way like this."

"Yes; when I ought to be up and doing. I feel sure that if I were strong enough to go about myself I should soon find her. But I am so weak—so wretchedly weak!" he concludes, laying his head against the back of the cushioned chair with a weary sigh.

"You grow stronger every day," replies the sister consolingly, leaning both her dimpled elbows upon his shoulder; "and we don't know the moment there may be an answer to one of our numerous advertisements. Hush! here comes mamma," whispers the fair girl, hastily; try and look cheerful, dear Lucien; it breaks her heart to see you so sad."

As she speaks, a tall, queenly-looking lady, magnificently attired in velvet and diamonds, enters the room, and, sweeping to her son's side, bends down and kisses him on the forehead.

"Come and see us to the carriage, darling," she says, coaxingly. "Thank goodness, you are so much better to night that we need not fear leaving you alone for a little!"

The young man rises immediately, and, taking a black and gold wrap from his mother's hand, adjusts it about her stately form; then, giving her his arm, they pass out together, followed by Pet.

Two gleaming white statues hold aloft colored lamps, which shed a soft, rosy light upon the group; and as an attentive footman opens the entrance door, there stands at the opposite side of the street singer, who is standing at the opposite side of the fashionable but quiet square.

A beautiful, ringing voice it is, and one that Lucien Carr would have recognised among a hundred.

With a loud exclamation he rushes down the steps, and the next moment he and Woodbine are in each other's arms.

"Blossom—dearest heart!—have I found you at last?"

"Lucien—husband!—ah, how well I knew you would come back to me!"

There is little more to tell.

Half an hour after Lucien Carr had left his young wife alone in her lodgings, and was hurrying to catch his train, he was run over by a pair of high-spirited carriage horses that had escaped from their driver's control, and, drawn from beneath the wheels, a crushed and bleeding mass, was conveyed to the nearest hospital.

His mother's name and address being found in his pocket book, she was at once communicated with, and in a ward of a third-rate hospital the proud Mrs. Carr found her idolized son, from whom she had parted in hot anger and with bitter words only a few months previously.

For many weeks he lay unconscious, fluctuating between life and death, but at length a vigorous constitution triumphed, and the young man's first thought, when he regained his senses, was of his wife.

Full of remorse, Mrs. Carr went in person to her son's former lodgings; but, strange to relate, upon the very day poor Woodbine left Mrs. Todd, the latter had died suddenly; so, when the lady called, there was no one in the house who could give her any information as to her daughter-in-law's whereabouts.

Lucien, when sufficiently convalescent, was removed to his mother's town residence, and his sister, Pet, having joined them there, both ladies vied with each other in their endeavors to restore health and spirits to the beloved invalid; with indifferent success, however—all their efforts to find Woodbine having proved ineffectual.

The most unimaginative reader may guess the conclusion of this tale, but it must be added that Lucien Carr did not forget to amply provide for his wife's father.

The latter, a short time after Woodbine's flight from home, was dismissed by his employer, and then gone to London in the vague hope that he should some day come across his daughter there, which expectation—as has been already explained—was happily realized.

Old Time Housekeeping.—When inclined to murmur at our lack of luxuries, we should find consolation in reflecting that we enjoy much which the higher classes of Europe could not command two hundred years ago.

Even chimneys are quite a modern invention. Formerly the fire burned in the middle of the room, a hole in the roof inviting the smoke, which slowly curled about the room, apparently taking leave of every person and object before making its egress.

To-day, among the Crofters in the Highlands of Scotland, you will see protruding through the thatch a dilapidated barrel doing duty as a chimney.

Below it, on stones in the centre of the kitchen smoulders the peat fire, and rafters and women are about equally smoke-dried. Glass windows continued very rare for a long time, on account of the heavy tax upon them.

Old houses had small openings in the walls to admit air and light, but the glazing of a single American cottage would have enriched a whole village such as Queen Elizabeth knew.

At the present time private dwellings in England usually look sombre and uninviting to our eyes, from having fewer and smaller windows than our homes display. Floors were strewn with rushes, among which the dogs and other domestic animal poked for bones and scraps flung from the table by human eaters.

There was then a great deal of sickness in England, and the terrible plague itself was at last discovered to be closely associated with garbage littered floors, seldom swept and cleansed.

Sheets and pillow cases were only for the wealthy; none of their servants shared such elegancies. Chairs were stiff in form, though often richly carved and ornamented; the common people used only wooden stools and ungainly settles.

A Happy Chance.

BY ALLEN MORPETH.

LEONARD GORING was a busy man, for though comparatively young, in his hands rested almost the entire charge of the business of an old-established firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn. An important matter of business, too delicate to be entrusted to a clerk, took him to Liverpool, where he arrived early one foggy November morning, so early, indeed, that being in want of a shave before it was likely that the more fashionable hairdressers had opened for the day, he turned into a small barber's shop in a quiet street of poor-looking houses, and submitted his chin to the hands of its proprietor.

It was a happy chance—Mr. Goring has often since that murky morning declared—that led his steps towards that humble shop, for just as he was on the point of leaving, a low sweet voice sounded close behind him, saying:

"Please, Mr. Wilson!"

"Hulloo, Jessie!" said the barber, "what's the matter? Mother worse?"

"Mr. Wilson," and the sweet voice was piteous and strained, "you said my curls were worth a lot of money the other day."

"So I did," said the barber, eagerly.

"Will you give me some for them? Our coal is all gone, and there is nothing to eat, and ma sits——"

Here Jessie broke into passionate sobs.

Mr. Goring stooped forward a little, and lifted Jessie to his lap.

"Let me see your curls," he said, gently lifting a shabby hat, and letting fall a shower of hair of the purest golden color. "Suppose you sell it to me," he said quietly; "but you must promise me that nobody shall cut it off but myself. And I must know your name, and where you live, so I can come for it."

Jessie, whose sobs had been stilled at the sight of the money, answered:

"Oh, thank you! Nobody else shall touch my curls. My name is Jessie Herrick, and I live on the top floor of this house."

"And how old are you, Jessie?"

"Ten years old last July. Please, may I go now? It is so cold in our room, and mamma is so ill," the lips quivering.

"You run back to mamma, and I will send the coal!" said Mr. Goring, muttering, as the child sped away: "If it should be! It would be a direct Providence!" Aloud, he said to the barber: "Who is she?"

"The child of a widow dying upstairs. After her husband died she worked for me; but she was not strong, and things have been going badly for the last few months."

"Has she had a doctor?"

"Yes; the dispensary doctor."

Mr. Goring, having given an order at the nearest grocery for food and fuel, returned to the house, and mounted to the fourth floor.

A door, standing open, showed him the interior of a poorly-furnished room, and Jessie standing near a bed, listening to a gentleman speaking in a low tone to her.

"Pardon me," Mr. Goring said; "the doctor?"

"Yes; Doctor Musgrave."

"I am a friend of Mrs. Herrick's. I have just heard of her illness. Can you send a competent nurse? I am Leonard Goring, and Mrs. Herrick's lawyer. I will be responsible."

To Jessie, a few hours later, it seemed as if she was living a fairy tale.

First, there appeared a stout, elderly woman, all motherly kindness, who lifted her mother out of the hot, tossed bed, made it comfortable and clean, set the room in order, made such an extravagant fire as Jessie had never seen, and then began to cook delicious things taken out of a great hamper sent into the room.

All the luxuries the poor child had longed vainly to give her mother appeared as if by magic, and her own hunger was satisfied as it had not been for weeks.

Day after day, for the business on which he had visited Liverpool detained him for many weeks, Leonard Goring climbed the stairs to Mrs. Herrick's room, to hear from the nurse how the poor little widow was getting on.

She was able, after awhile, to sit up, and looked like a fair, pretty child in her big chair. Fruit, flowers, books, all were sent to make the hours of convalescence less tedious, and when at last he departed, he tried to face the fact that an episode of his life was nearly over, that it would cost him bitter pain to resign.

"Who would have imagined," he asked himself, scornfully, "that I, who never cared for a woman in my life, would walk into a back attic and fall in love with a widow? I can't ask her to marry me, that is clear. She would think I had had mercenary objects in view all the time. I think I will write. I will. I'd better not trust myself to see her again, and Briggs knows all about the case."

Little Mrs. Herrick, in a soft, white wrapper and shawl, was sitting in her big chair, with Jessie nestling on a low seat beside her, talking of Mr. Goring.

Mrs. Maguire, bustling about the room, smiled meaningly as the sentences reached her ears, but she was a discreet woman and held her tongue.

"Though," she thought, "if ever two people were over head and ears in love, them's the two. Young folks never had it worse."

"When he comes to-day," Mrs. Herrick was saying, when a rap at the door interrupted her.

A gentleman was ushered in, who introduced himself,—

"Mr. Briggs, Mrs. Herrick. I have a letter from Mr. Goring that will explain."

Twice Mrs. Herrick read the letter.

"Do I understand?" she said faintly. "My father died four years ago, and forgave me, leaving me his entire fortune?"

"Exactly. You see, the child's name gave Mr. Goring the clue, and he has been working while you were ill, so that everything is arranged for you. You can take possession of your old home whenever you will."

"Mr. Goring knew, then, when he came here?"

"Yes. By the way, you were advertised for over and over again."

A brief conversation made everything clear, and Mr. Briggs went away.

But Mrs. Herrick, who had been very calm through the whole interview, lay back, white and trembling, in her chair, one thought only in her heart.

"He has gone away! He is afraid I will suspect him of mercenary motives, and he has left me! He loves me! I know he loves me, but he will never come back to me!"

Busy days followed, and the widow took possession of her property.

But she did not get strong, though she had all things to make her so that money could procure.

What her heart hungered for was the presence of Leonard Goring. It seemed bold, unwomanly to send for him.

And yet the happiness of two lives was at stake.

She decided at last. If he despised her, the separation could be no more complete.

So, one morning, Leonard Goring found upon his breakfast table a little note, upon paper stamped with the name of a fashionable hotel. And inside he read,—

"DEAREST MR. GORING,—Mamma says if you would like to cut off the curls you bought last winter, you will find us at this hotel.

"JESSIE HERRICK."

Face to face once more, pride was thrown to the winds and love triumphed. Leonard Goring had no further fear of being misunderstood when Mrs. Herrick's eyes answered his loving words before her lips spoke.

And she never doubted that it was love, and love only, that brought her lover back to her.

And Jessie keeps her curls, although her step father declares they are his, and threatens to cut them off when she is married and leaves him, a threat that may daunt little Jessie's lovers in the future, but assuredly does not frighten anybody now.

The Ills of Royalty.—Most of the reigning families of Europe have some hereditary ailment or defect. For several generations past the Romanoffs have been sorely troubled by their livers.

The worst affliction that reigning families have to contend against is insanity, the germs of which are widespread amongst the rulers of the civilized quarters of the globe.

To quote but a few examples, such germs exist among the Romanoffs aforementioned, as proved by the excesses of Paul I., the hysteria of the great Catherine, and the hypochondria of Alexander II.; these germs exist among the Hapsburgs, who have married so repeatedly with princesses of the Bavarian royal Family; and the insanity of the latter has been strikingly exemplified by the tragic fate of the late, and the imbecile condition of the present King of Bavaria. Nor are the Hohenzollerns free from the fatal germs.

The intense insanity observed by Frederick William II. became open madness in Frederick William IV.

That insanity unhappily exists in the Dutch royal house has been exemplified by the last two Princes of Orange, and as regards the English reigning family, one need merely remember the historical example of the last two Georges—the Fourth being well-nigh as mad as the Third was, though his insanity took a different turn.

More recent examples bearing on the same point might be found in the late Duke of Brunswick, who led such a fantastic life, and in the Duchess of Cumberland, a Guelph by marriage only, it is true, but the sister be it remembered, of the Princess of Wales.

"And do you receive a large salary?" asked the searcher after information of the busy bartender. "Well," replied the knight of the beer pump, setting out a dozen foaming glasses, "I draw the pay of a hundred men daily."

THE GARDEN SPIDER.

THE Garden Spider is one of the most beautiful, in form and color, of the many hundred species we have. The manner in which it spins its web—certainly the most regular in make—displays great ingenuity in the way the web is secured to sustain a sudden strain coming on any part of it.

We have been watching several experiments with this spider, of which the following are a few of the most interesting:

Having an old fern-case, with sides and top all glass, we filled the bottom with earth, placing a few sticks firmly in the soil, so that the spiders would have some projections to secure their webs to. The first spider we placed in the case was a very fine specimen, nicely marked on the top of the abdomen.

We took her from an old laurel tree, in which there were several young ones. The first day she remained crawling about on the ground; but on looking next morning, we found a perfect web, spun horizontally across the case, about half-way up; and on magnifying the ends of the web that were fastened to the glass—which was very smooth—we discovered the spider had frayed out the ends of the web-lines, and had fastened them to the glass by means of a gummy substance, thus giving it a greater power of adhesion than by trusting to a single cord. We placed a small fly in the case, where it soon became entangled in the web, the spider immediately rushing down, seizing, and killing it.

She then carried it to the top of the glass, and in four minutes had sucked all the moisture out of it.

She then wrapped it loosely round with web, leaving only one line to it, by which she carefully lowered it, for about two inches, through a space in the net; then, cutting the line with her hind-feet, she let it fall to the ground.

After this we placed four flies in the case, three of which were speedily caught. The spider having evidently eaten enough, she disposed of these flies in a different way from the first. Running to each in turn, she turned the fly rapidly round and round with her front legs; at the same time, two distinct webs kept winding round the fly from the spinnerets, until it was encased in such a bag of web that the fly could not be seen.

She then hung them in different parts of the web, eating two of them the same night.

Thinking the flies so wrapped up would be air-tight, we detached one from the web, leaving it exposed to the air for three days. Although the weather was very hot, we found, on carefully opening the case, that the dead fly was quite fresh, and when smashed between the fingers, was in a perfectly juicy condition.

This clearly shows their wonderful instinct in preserving food for future meals.

One day we placed in the case a large meat-fly, which immediately flew through the web, tearing it in a destructive manner. The spider at once came down and repaired it; and in a few minutes the fly was once more in the web, struggling hard.

This time, the spider came within about half an inch of the fly, made a strong cord fast to three of the outside lines of the net, and then running quickly over the back of the fly, she made the cord fast on the other sides.

On this cord we noticed tiny beads hanging, of a clear-looking substance, which, as the fly struggled, adhered to its wings, impeding its movements.

Leaving the fly for nearly two minutes, by which time he was almost exhausted, the spider once more drew near, and quickly had him by the back.

Swaying her body from side to side at the same time, she soon bound him with three cords, which she guided about over the fly with her hind-feet in a wonderfully rapid manner. She then pierced him on the side of the trunk, from which place she did not again loose until the fly was dead. Making a slight repast, she bound the remains securely in the web, for future meals. This same spider we have now. Last September she completely destroyed her web, and spun a bright yellow cocoon on the top of the glass, and laid, as near as we have yet examined, about three hundred and sixty eggs.

She has since then remained hanging on this cocoon. Her body before she laid the eggs was as large as a small bean; it is now not much larger than a grain of rape-seed.

She refuses all food, and appears in a dormant, if not at dying state.

There was another old spider, of very dusky colors, which we placed in a large glass jar. Although he was a very large one, he did not erect any web, but used to try and catch the flies we placed in the jar by sneaking up the glass to them while they were resting.

A few days after, we introduced a younger spider, about three parts grown, which quickly made a very strong and useful web.

The old spider took no notice of the newcomer until the younger spider had completed his home and made all comfortable. Then the old one carefully climbed into the net or web, attacked and killed the owner, and took possession.

After this, we placed several flies in the jar, some of which got part of the web the spider had attempting to repair the damage, not being able evidently to produce web, through old age or injury. To show the power spiders have of knowing what insects they can safely attack, we placed two large ants, which were neuters or workers, in a web.

When the spider came down and saw who the visitors were, he fell from the web to the bottom of the jar, where he lay seemingly paralyzed with fear. We then removed the ants.

The spider did not return to his web for thirty-five minutes, and then in a cautious, and apparently frightened state.

We used to feed a female spider with a fly every morning; and she became so used to the habit, that at last, when we shook the net, she would come and take the fly from between our fingers.

Unfortunately, she died at the end of the season, after laying a cocoonful of eggs.

In experimenting in different ways with some of the small insects, many hours may be pleasureably spent, greatly adding a rich store of knowledge as to the way in which all things are endowed according to their nature of living.

THE FOUR LEAVED CLOVER.—It is believed in the Tyrol that if any one has "a turn" for magic he can acquire the art of working wonders easily enough if he only searches for and finds the four-leaved clover on St. John's eve. In some places the peasants believe that if a traveller should at this time fall asleep, lying on his back by a certain brook, there will come flying a white dove bearing a four-leaved clover, which it lets fall on the sleeper's breast.

Should he awake before it fades and at once put it into his mouth, he will acquire the power of becoming invisible at will.

A stranger superstition is to the effect that if, while a priest is reading the service, any one can, unknown to him, lay a four-leaved clover on his mass book, the unfortunate clergyman will not be able to utter a word; he will stand mock still and bewildered until the person who has played the trick pulls his robe.

Then he can proceed. When all is over the man who brings his "four-leaf" will always have luck at all kinds of gambling.

If he has a tendency to tenpins or to ninepins, he makes a "ten strike" every time that he rolls a ball.

If a man loves a woman, or vice versa and can obtain two four-leaved clovers and induce her to eat one, while he himself swallows the other, mutual love is sure to result.

Nay, according to a very good gypsy authority, even a trin-patrini kas, or three-leaved clover, will have this effect.

Moreover, it is advisable on all occasions when you make a gift to anybody, no matter what it is, to conceal in it a clover, since it will render the gift doubly acceptable.

Also take a four or three-leaved clover, and making a hollow in the end or top of your alpenstock or cane, put the leaf therein, taking care not to injure it, and close the opening carefully.

Then, so long as you walk with it, you will be less weary than if it were wanting, and will enjoy luck in many ways.

WHAT THE EAR SHOWS.—In China long ears are considered an indication of wisdom and common people think they are the Emperor's chief characteristic.

Pliny says: "When our ears do glow and tinge some do talk of us in our absence."

An old writer says of the superstitious man: "When his right ear tingles he will be cheerful, but if his left he will be sad."

In popular weather lore, when the ears ring at night, a change of wind is at hand. An old meteorologist, Swinden, says: "Singing in the ear portends a change of weather."

It seems formerly to have been a form of endearment to bite one's ear. We read in Romeo and Juliet: "I will bite thee by thine ear for that jest." The ear was in Egypt a hieroglyph of obedience. The saying, "walls have ears," is very old. Chaucer says: "The herde hath eyen and the wood hath ears."

The phrase "to set people by the ears" had its origin in a pot-house custom of stringing pots by the handles or ears, and clashing them together in carrying them.

The Scotch ask: "Right lug, left lug, which lug lows?" So in England, it is said that slander is talked about you if the left ear burns; but if the right, men speak well of you.

In Lancashire this is reversed. The Dutch say that some one is praising you if the right ear itches, but if the left he calls you names.

In the latter case bite your little finger and the evil speaker's tongue will suffer accordingly.

In this country it is said that people talk well of you if the right ear tingles, but evil if the left.

In the South of England it is regarded as highly unlucky for a bride on her wedding day to look in the glass when she is completely dressed before starting for the church. Hence very great care is usually taken to put on a glove or some slight article of adornment after the last lingering look has been taken in the mirror. The idea is that any young lady who is too fond of the looking-glass will be unfortunate when married.

You may set it down as a truth, which admits of few exceptions, that those who ask your opinion really want your praise.

"Men like trees begin to grow old at the top." Avoid the first appearance of growing old by keeping the hair in a vigorous and healthful condition by the use of Warner's Log Cabin Hair Tonic. Sold by all druggists.

IN HIGH LIFE AND ELSEWHERE.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria has acquired the habit of holding a fan before the lower part of her face so as to hide an obstinate eruption on her chin. The Empress Josephine use to hold her handkerchief so as not to display her colored teeth. She made handkerchiefs fashionable. Before that time they were seldom exhibited and never made use of in public.

A negro railroad hand entered a restaurant in Americus, Ga., and, putting down a silver dollar, called for "a square meal and no change." The proprietor thought he had a bargain in his customer, and at once, the local paper says, began to spread the delicacies of the season before him, but, at the end of an hour the sable banqueter still held the fort, with an appetite like an ostrich. During his sojourn at the table he put himself outside of 23 links of sausage; 13 biscuits, a half dozen slices of fresh pork, and two fried mullets, etc., and, as he left the restaurant, remarked to the awe stricken proprietor that he had been suffering with dyspepsia for more than a week and could scarcely eat anything.

The extravagant whim indulged in by one hostess is to decorate her table to correspond with one of her own costumes. For instance, at one of her recent dinner parties she presided in a superb Directoire robe, while the table decorations were after the style of the same era. The tablecloth was stripes of lace and drawn work, spread over a foundation of olive green and satin. Laid in loops all around the table were pink roses and foliage, festooned with satin ribbons; at each plate were laid bunches of cream roses and maiden-hair ferns tied with pink and pale green ribbons. The ornamentations and the hostess corresponded charmingly, and, as an old epicure present observed, the menu was just dainty enough to harmonize, while not lacking in substantialities.

All the memorial stones have not yet been set in place in the Washington monument, and several never will, including four, which, having been found more precious as curiosities than as memorial stones, will be taken to the National Museum. One is a piece of stone from the tomb of Napoleon, and for a number of years was hidden in the Brooklyn navy yard, its identity being a mystery. Finally some one discovered its origin and sent it to the Monument Commission. Another stone bears, set in the face, a cartouche from an Egyptian tomb, carved, it is supposed over 2000 years ago. Another of these stones is a fragment from the original chapel built to the memory of William Tell, in Switzerland, and the other came from the temple of Esculapius, in the island of Paros and Naxos.

A Chinese tiger story: In a wild region near Kaiping is the village of Takang Tsun. In a temple of Wu-ti there stays at night a man, not a priest. Two small holes in the door allow him to look out. The tiger came and crouched outside the door a long time. Then he put his paw through one of the holes and clawed around. Then he put his tail through and felt about for the man. The man cut the tail off with an axe. The tiger batted the door until it was knocked from his hinges and fell over the man, who had been trying to prop it up from the inside. The tiger sprang over the door without finding the man under it, and seizing one of the joists, which was in the form of a man, ran away with it. Next day some grass-cutters on the mountain, a good distance off found the joist lying on a lonely hillside, where it had been abandoned by the tiger, and they took it back to the village.

YOUNG FATHER: "Blamed if I know what's the matter with the baby, Doc., but she cries all the time." Doctor: "Perhaps she has been cutting her teeth." Y. F.: "I don't believe it, Doc; she ain't had a knife or anything sharp to play with since she was born."

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, October 15 1898.

QUALITY UP, PRICES DOWN. THAT'S THE RULE ALL around our Dress Goods counters. Of course there are plenty of stuffs that are strange to you, but there are enough that you know the worth of. Take the measure of these by them.

Here's a Serge for instance. Heavy, almost wiry threads; crisp, springy. A sturdy stuff, and every thread wool. Plump 50 inches wide, and in just the colors that suit in with the season:

3 browns	olive
[illegible]	gray
3 greens	navy
[illegible]	[illegible]

The [illegible] We never gave better wearing value [illegible] goods [illegible]

[illegible] handsome 50 inch Mc Serge [illegible] just as likable stuffs that are [illegible] the same count or [illegible]

WE ARE SHOWING WHITE FLANNEL AND FLANNEL [illegible] and [illegible] Fancy Flannels for [illegible] before our [illegible] of [illegible] Monday of [illegible] you get the [illegible] by a knowledge [illegible] standard of loveliness for [illegible] There's a knack about it that other [illegible] don't get.

More than two hundred [illegible] in the counters; in all [illegible] stripes, stripes with polka [illegible] stripes with plaids, stripes of various widths, graduated [illegible] side, [illegible] apron, cutley-cuff and cutlet [illegible] effects.

No finer French Printed Flannels [illegible] We believe that not such another gathering of them can be seen in America. 45 cents a yard.

THE MILLINERY QUARTER IS FULL FROM MORNING till night. Trimmed Hats and Bonnets, the shapes to trim, the muffs to pretty them with.

It looms as if the air were full of rainbow bits. The thickest spots Saturday were by the Reversible Satin Ribbon—Satin and cross grain, with gros grain edges. Three widths, [illegible] Number 12, 22 and 36 cents. Twenty of the foremost shades among them.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

R. R. R.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs
Inflammation, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Rheumatism,
Neuralgia, Headache,
Toothache, Influenza,
Difficult Breathing,

CURED BY

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

In cases of LUMBAGO and RHEUMATISM RADWAY'S READY RELIEF NEVER FAILS to give immediate ease.

The following was received by mail through W. H. Blyth, Druggist, Mt. Pleasant, Texas.

MR. W. H. BLYTH—Sir: "In compliance with your request to furnish you with the result [illegible] edge and experience with Dr. Radway's [illegible] reply I can state that I have been [illegible] Remedies since 1852. I know the [illegible] ills, than any remedy I have ever known tried. From my personal knowledge of the Radway Remedies I think them all superior to any remedies [illegible] I have any knowledge, for all the ills for [illegible]

F. H. SMALLWOOD,
Pastor Green Hill Presbyterian Church.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE SAFEST AND MOST CERTAIN

PAIN REMEDY

[illegible]

CONQUEROR OF PAIN.

[illegible]

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Sleeplessness, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold, Chills, Ague, Chills, Chilblains, Frost-Bites.

[illegible]

Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all [illegible]

[illegible] READY RELIEF with [illegible] water will prevent sickness or pains from changes of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

The Great Liver Remedy.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, headache, constipation [illegible] of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contributes its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, [illegible] dull pain in the head, deficiency [illegible] yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, [illegible] and sudden flushes of heat, burning [illegible]

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its function. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

"Your Pills have done me more good [illegible] than all the doctors [illegible] have [illegible] taken." JOHN A. PAGE.

NEWPORT, KY.

"For many years had been afflicted with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, but got your Pills and they made a perfect cure. WILLIAM NOONAN.

BLANCHARD, MICH.

"For over three years I have been troubled with Dyspepsia, and found no relief until I used your Pills. They have cured me." THOMAS McCULLA.

OMAHA, NEB.

"[illegible] Dyspepsia and Sick Headache [illegible] they are the best I ever used." [illegible] S. COSTA

CAMDEN, N. J.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Our Young Folks.

TOLD BY A DIME.

BY E. C. STANTON.

[Continued from last week.]

NINE times the town clock slowly tolled, and the door swung open.

A tall, dark-faced, handsome man came in the room and walked over to the bedside. His face had a care-worn expression but when my little mistress, in her sleep stretched out a loving arm and caressed his face, it flushed with a pleasant smile.

"'Daughter!' he said, bending lower and the dark eyes opened wide with surprise.

"'Oh, papa!' with a sigh of relief, clinging closer to him; and then the pitiful little tale was poured out in his ever-sympathising ear.

"'Did you hear what the old gentleman's name was, Abby,' asked her father eagerly, as a strange light came into his eyes.

"'Yes, papa; the lady called him "brother John,"' answered Abby, simply.

After a pause the dame continued slowly.

"Again my little mistress is sleeping; this time her father keeps watch over her all night long, as he paces with uneasy tread up and down the room; sometimes bending over the bedside, with anxious brow, breathing a prayer for the keeping of his heart's dearest treasure.

"Ah! the morning will soon be here, and my little mistress will be looking for me.

"Adieu! adieu!' and the dime was gone!

* * * * * *

Ugh! how cold it was, and I rubbed my eyes vigorously and looked around.

"I've only been dreaming," I said soothingly, [illegible] my cold feet, and trying [illegible] the dead embers at [illegible] a nervousness I could not account for.

Just then the clock on the mantel struck 8, and the sound of the breakfast bell grated harshly on my nerves.

Only a dream, and I pushed aside the curtains and opened the shutters so that the rays of the morning sun shone full upon a picture on the wall, the picture of my long-lost sister, which I in fancy, thought had smiled upon me the night before.

What a sweet beautiful sister she was! Full of goodness and purity. Ah, Heaven only knew what had become of her; but let me look back eleven years ago:

It is a glorious Christmas morning, but instead of joy and mirth the whole household is in confusion, for she had gone—fled, no one knew where; but suffice it, as she did not appear at the breakfast table I was sent to see if she was ill.

No golden head had pressed the snowy pillows that night and no sweet blue eyes had closed there in peaceful slumbers.

What did it all mean? Only a few articles of dress hung in the wardrobe; everything else had disappeared, and I felt myself grow sick and dizzy as I picked up two letters lying on a table, one addressed "Dear Father," and the other "Sister Elizabeth."

I tore mine open hastily. A little golden locket fell at my feet, but lay unheeded till I read the little pink-tinted note:

"DEAREST SISTER:—How you will grieve when you read this! Then I will be far from you, out on the boundless ocean. It is the old story. We met and loved. You will find his picture in the locket. Ah, yes! I can scarcely write for the tears my dear sister; but I love him so much that of my own will I am giving up wealth, friends and happiness for his sake. When we reach the shores of England we will be married. Something tells me we shall never see each other again in this world. Then, my darling, till we meet again in a better land, farewell. LILLIAN."

The locket, her gift, is now attached to a curious necklace I had always worn since childhood. It contained the bright, smiling face of my sister and that of her beloved—a dark, handsome countenance, with, strange to say, truth and honor written in his dark eyes.

It is needless for me to describe the hour-ending after-scenes, or to tell of the vain efforts made to restore our darling.

She was only seventeen then, and I was nineteen; but that was eleven years ago, and what changes there have been since.

She, I know, had always been father's favorite; not that I suspected that he had loved her best, but then he had such pretty winsome ways that no one could help loving her.

Now I was all in all to my father, for mother had been dead many years. And again I looked at the picture.

"The picture of a lovely young girl in a gilt frame hung on the wall." These were the words of the dime, and they brought forth a startling consciousness of the reality of my dream before me.

Who was this old lady, Mrs Douglass that the dime had spoken of? None other than my aunt, who lived in a large house on the Main street and possessed just such a picture as the one before me. Who was brother John? No one else than my own father.

These startling questions passed through my brain with lightning rapidity, and I opened my eyes in wonderment at my own answers.

I was not a believer in dreams, but this seemed like a divine revelation.

Could it be possible that it was all true, and that my father, if he chose, could verify it?

Was it possible that the Abby of my dreams would prove to be the child of my sister?

Banish the thought! But nevertheless, my knees trembled and my hand was uncertain as I poured out father's coffee midst a host of smiling greetings.

"Twenty-two-and-a-half Kearney street," rang in my ears as, after that uncomfortable meal, I went upstairs to my room.

I had a plan. I would, that very morning, go and claim my relationship, if there was any.

I moved about as if still in a dream; and, donning a long, dark ulster, a small velvet hat, and throwing a thick veil over my face, I stepped out into the street, hired a cab, for I did not wish to be seen, and told the driver, "twenty-two-and-a-half Kearney street."

I hardly knew which beat the loudest, my heart or the knocker, which, at a vigorous tug, resounded through Mrs. Glen's boarding-house.

A woman, not unlike the one described in my dream, opened the door, and, to my inquiry, for Mr. Stanley, replied that he had taken his little girl for a walk, but would be in after while if I chose to wait.

I did choose, so I was shown to a room overhead, and on looking round, I found that nothing belied my dream.

I wondered at the coolness with which I met my success and smiled benignly at the face reflected in the glass.

It was not, strictly speaking, a beautiful face, but I was fully aware that it was not a homely one.

A clear olive skin, magnificent dark, dreamy eyes—so my many admirer's of the other sex had often told me—and I think I fully believed it, till I reached the stage of old maidhood.

"I hope I'll make a favorable impression any how," I said thoughtfully, smoothing my heavy coils of waving black hair.

Just then I heard the street-door close, and a step, only too familiar, ascended the stairs.

"Pearl!" and I stood as one paralyzed, for what [illegible] could I offer for being here. What was I to [illegible]? And I stared wildly about the room.

A door that led to a back stairway down to the kitchen stood slightly ajar, and in another moment I had noiselessly crossed over to it, and going inside gently closed it behind me.

Just then, father entered the chamber I had vacated.

Fifteen minutes. How the time dragged! Five minutes more. Then the door was suddenly thrown aside and a childish voice, which I at once took for Abby's cried, "Why here is the old gentleman! Papa, are'nt you glad; say, papa?"

A deep pause follows this, broken only by my labored breathing, then I heard my father say in a well modulated, though somewhat caustic tone:

"Have I the pleasure of meeting Bertram Stanley, the husband of my daughter, Lillian Wills?"

"You have," was the cold reply.

"Where is she then?" demanded my father, hoarsely.

"She has been dead these six years," was the reply.

At this I heard my father stagger and groan, but I did not at the time realize the terrible truth.

"You have come here, no doubt, to upbraid me for wronging you so terribly," I heard Stanley say, in a constrained tone. "But as it is only your due, I will endeavor to explain my conduct."

Then, I learned, that being a poor artist had not kept him from telling Lillian Wills of his devoted love for her, but because of his poverty, he had been unwilling to face the scorning world, termed a fortune-hunter, for captivating, and marrying pretty Lillian, the heiress, and had preferred eloping with his bride to England, where they lived for a time quite comfortably, till suddenly the young wife died, leaving a loving husband, and a two-year old babe.

That was the whole of that sad tale, told with many a manly emotion, but which I have tried to tell in a few words.

"However, I am no longer penniless," he continued, "for yesterday I received a letter from a lawyer of a lately deceased uncle, who has left me his fortune. I intend, as soon as possible, to go to England to settle affairs, but in the meantime I must provide a home for Abby, as I cannot take her with me."

"Let the child come to us," said my father, eagerly, "I love her already, for she is her mother's own child, and I'm sure she would find a true friend in Elizabeth."

How guilty I felt!

"Besides," he added, "I am an old man, and Abby is, by rights, the sole heiress to all I own."

"You forget, sir," interposed Stanley, that your eldest daughter is living, the Elizabeth of whom you speak."

"Would to God that one was my daughter, but she is only an adopted child, of whose parents I know nothing. She was left to die on our doorstep when we took her in. Poor Elizabeth, I have shrunk even from telling her since my wife's death that perhaps at her age it is better she should never know."

"Perhaps," Stanley replied, absently.

"Then you sail Christmas Day?" asked my father, if I still must call him so.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then on that day Abby shall come to cheer up our old home!"

No answer, but Abby clings to my father, and answers for herself.

"Yes, grandpa, I will come to you on Christmas Day."

I was a wretched outcast, then; nobody's child, and for a moment I though I was crazed.

Reflection was maddening, and, waiting to hear no more, I groped my way down the stairs into the kitchen.

It was empty and the door standing open I emerged into the street through a dark alley.

* * * * * *

It is eight years ago now, since I left the roof that had sheltered me in childhood; eight years ago since I added the last bitter drop to the cup of one who had been a father to me.

I knew that I could not curb my proud spirit in the same house with the child who was coming to claim,—what I hitherto thought mine—a father's love.

So, hearing of a lady of delicate health, in need of a companion, and who lived in the secluded little country place of Langton, I proffered my services and was accepted.

So, under the cover of the darkness of Christmas eve, I stole away, leaving word that, as an adopted outcast, I would not stay to usurp the rights of another, who would probably fill my place on the morrow.

Eight years ago, and it was now a beautiful morning, in June, when I received a letter addressed in an unfamiliar, bold, masculine hand.

Of course I opened it, and, read—read, little dreaming that its contents would bring back to me my happiness which had been so strangely taken from me.

"TO MY LOVE LOST SISTER:—It has only been recently that I, Bertram Stanley, have discovered your whereabouts. It still remains to be a mystery how you came by the information which has caused you no doubt, as well as others, a great deal of needless suffering. I have just returned from England, after a sojourn of nearly eight years, to find my daughter, Abagail, fast developing into womanhood, the possessor of a large fortune left to her by her grandfather Wills, who died last April. It is necessary for me to here explain, in a few words as possible, that you are in truth my sister—the child of my own mother.

"It appears that she, a widow, with you, a babe in her arms, and I, a toddler of four, at her feet, were traveling by a stage across a lonely road at night when suddenly the coach was attacked by a number of masked men, who robbed and plundered the passengers. You, it seems, however, for some unknown reason was forcibly taken out of her arms and left to die on the doorstep of a rich banker, who afterwards proved to be Mr. Wills, the father of my wife. If you are at all in doubt about the truth of this, a necklace of curious gold beads with an "L" engraved on each bead, which I have always possessed, will prove my identity, for a similar one, I am told, was found around your neck, and which I believe your self possess. I will come to claim you, my darling sister, in a few days. Be ready by that time to welcome your brother and niece, and to share with them their home.

B. STANLEY."

It would be but natural for me to tell that I just fainted dead away at the surprising news. Well, I did no such thing, I only sat there and cried.

Don't laugh, for maybap you would have done worse, and I may as well add that I did not wake up, as I expected to, and find it "All a Dream!"

I am sitting now, by the fireside of a pleasant home, my brother Bertram and golden-haired Abby are seated near, while I tell them my story just as it is here.

At the conclusion Abby unstraps a fine gold chain from her neck to which hangs a small coin, and smilingly hands it to me.

I take it gravely in my hand and instantly recognize the coin as the dime of my dream, and turning it over studiously I think of what I was so strangely Told by a Dime.

IN A NEW WORLD.

BY PIPKIN.

"COME, my boy, we must go and glean, and get as much wheat as we can," said Mrs. Smith to her child Tom.

Mr. Gray gave leave to some of the most poor who dwelt near his home to glean in his fields when the corn was cut, and a great help this was to them when work was scarce and food hard to get.

Though Tom Smith would have been glad to have had these nice bright warm days to play in, he knew what it was to go short of food when the cold days came round, and went at once with Mrs. Smith.

Smith was there too, for Mr. Gray had found him some work to do, and with his hook he just then had to cut down the last few stalks of wheat in the field.

Just as he swung his hook round, some larks flew up in the air, and he caught sight of a small nest on the ground, and in it was a lark.

"Tom," he said, "here's a bird's nest, and a bird in it."

Tom came up at once to see.

"O! let me have it, dad," said he.

The poor bird, in fear, did its best to fly from the nest, but could not do so, and Smith saw that one of its wings were hurt, and that was why it had not flown off when the rest of the birds did.

"Let me take it home, dad, and put it in the old cage."

The Smiths had once had a thrush in a cage, but it had died a few months since, much to Tom's grief, who had grown so fond of it.

"Well, then, you must run home," said Mrs. Smith, who had come up too to look at the nest. "Don't waste time, there's a good boy, and come back as soon as you can."

The lark which Tom took home was quite a young bird and did not for some time sing at all, but at last he did, and such a sweet song, it was such as none but a lark could sing.

The cold days at last came on, and Smith soon could get no work, and glad they were of the corn they had by them.

One day, when the snow lay thick and white on the ground, the postman came to the house.

He brought a note from a friend of Smith's whom he had not heard of for years. They had been lads of the same age, and brought up to the same trade, that was, to make boots and shoes.

When Smith's friend (Moore was his name) left his old home, where he had gone no one knew.

Now he wrote and told Smith that he was in New York, and had got on so well that he wrote to ask him if he would come out and join him there; he could give him lots of work to do, for he had a small shop; he said he had no wife of his own, but if Smith had one she could come and see to the house, and that would be a nice thing for them both.

So one fine spring day found Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and John, and last, but not least, the lark in his cage, on board a large ship bound for New York.

She went fast and well, but once they had a great fright; they had gone by some large blocks of ice which came down from the north, and at last one great big one came on as high and as big as their ship, and oh! if it came on too fast it would crush their ship and sink it; but they just got by in time, and safe and sound they came to New York.

It was night, but the town was bright with lights. Moore was there to meet them, and took them at once to his house, which was from that time forth to be their home.

There was a good meal spread for them, and a nice bed-room, with a small bed in it for Tom.

Moore was so kind and nice, Mrs. Smith was sure she would like him; and Tom knew he would when the first words he said to him were "Well, I am glad you have brought this bird with you, I haven't heard a lark since I left home."

The lark's cage was hung by the door of the shop, and it was strange to see what a crowd came round when the bird sang. Great strong men came and stood, and tears came in their eyes as with the bird's song came thoughts of the homes they had left.

One day a rich man said he would buy the bird, but Tom would not part with it; and Moore said, "If you sell the bird, Tom, I must buy him; for he has done more good to my shop than 2 men. I did not take as much in a month as I do now in a week since the bird came."

Though Tom would not sell his bird, he did part with it to a boy who went to the same school with him.

This boy Green had not been there for some days, and Tom went to his house to ask why this was, and found he was ill in bed, and his aunt said his lungs were so bad he could not live long.

Tom went to see him day by day to try and cheer him up, and one day he thought he would take him his lark; he meant just to let him hear it for a time, and take it home with him; but it gave such joy to young Green that he had not the heart to take it from him.

In a month's time poor Green was dead, and the last sound he heard was the lark's song.

His aunt gave back the bird to Tom, and at first he thought he would hang it once more by the door of the shop.

But he did not do so; for he had by this time got to know that it was not kind to keep a lark in a cage; and so on the next day he let it go free.

BOOK CASES.—Books in cases without glass fronts retain their freshness longer than when put in close cases. More dust will collect upon books exposed; but it is dust which comes off readily. When put behind glass doors, or in cupboards, less dust gets on them, but in localities where soft coal is used it is a fine sooty dust which, when treated with a cloth brush or duster, acts like a black, oily paint, discolors the leather and dulls the gilt.

On books which are openly exposed, this sooty dust mixes with an innocuous and coarser dust, and it all comes off together. These facts explain what seems at first paradoxical—that the more we try to keep the books away from the dust, and the more we clean them, the dirtier they become.

A REJECTED lover of Pierceton, S. C., visited the home of his former sweetheart, and, learning that she had left with several companions for church, he started in pursuit on a spirited horse. When he saw her he put spurs to the horse, and calling to the companions to get out of the way madly ran over the young woman, knocking her down and trampling her beneath the horse's feet. When picked up by her friends she was insensible and apparently dead. She was carried to her home where it was found that she had received injuries from the effects of which the physicians say she cannot recover. The "lover" escaped, but armed men, at last accounts were scouring the country for him.

TO-DAY is important. Yesterday has gone. To-morrow never comes. Take care of your cough to-day by using Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy. It is a sure cure.

THESE AUTUMN DAYS.

BY MRS. MARY E. HAIL.

Out in the grass I hear the south wind sighing,
Beneath a crown of gray and golden haze;
For Summer, like a royal queen, is dying—
These Autumn days, these dreary Autumn days.

The bees have stored with strange artistic power
The gathered sweetness of the passing year;
While tears distilled from tree, and plant, and flower
Await the coming of dead summer's heir.

Sweet sorry birds falter in their rythmic singing,
And vainly look within their empty nests
For little ones, through summer fondly clinging
For life and love upon their feathered breasts.

In bush or woodland echo myriad voices,
Awakening tender notes akin to pain;
For while the earth with plenteous yield rejoices,
We ask our hearts, shall Summer come again?

Oh, yes! with joyous feet and soul-entrancing—
Our queen shall come across the emerald plain;
While happy children join the merry dancing—
And roses smile, their hearts with love aflame.

LEGENDS OF BIRDS.

When Dame Nature told her pet brown bird, the robin, of the terrible fires of hell, the suffering of the lost, so distressed was the feathered tenant of the bough that he inquired of the owl and raven the way there, and, since then, has each day wended his flight to the Land of Shades with one drop of water in his bill, in the hope that he may thus some time extinguish the fearful flame, and so near does he fly that his soft breast is scorched and seared by the red heat, till it glows crimson as we see, and forms for him a badge of God like charity.

In some such words as these may one of the many legends of Shakspeare's little "Ruddock" be told, and to them is due the old country adage, that: "A robin in a cage sets all heaven in a rage."

In some places it is believed that if a robin is killed, the household cow will give "bloody milk," and up to the present day the country folk allege that instances of this are known among them. It is also said that, should a bird of that ilk die in your grasp, your hand will ever afterward shake as if with palsy.

The Welsh give the bird the pretty, quaint name of Breast burnt, in allusion to the first given legend.

It is said that when an infant of tender years is about to die the robin perches on the roof of the cottage and "weeps," that is, utters its customary little note in a long-drawn, wailing manner.

Another well known story tells how the pious and pitiful little bird perched on an arm of the Cross, and, uttering long, mournful cries, pecked away at the crown of thorns that he might remove at least one of the piercing torments, while the mystical blood-drops fell down upon his little breast.

Fact and legend, which so curiously often come to each other's assistance, bear out in the present day the feathered dryad's claim to piety, and he has frequently been found to pitch on some quiet nook in a country church for his home.

In one spot a pair fixed their nest to the great Bible as it lay open, and the vicar, refusing to disturb them, had another copy brought in, from which he read the service.

Another pair built under a dead branch on a railway cutting, within a few feet from where the trains flashed by a hundred times a day; and yet another among the timbers of a ship in the dry docks, where they counted and watched their eggs, seeming, if anything, to rather enjoy the boom and bang of the carpenters' hammers, and the shiver of the stout oak beams under the blows.

But, apart from these flights of eccentricity and courage on the part of the "bold, brisk robin," he must always be our friend, from the way in which he burnishes his little ruby breast as winter draws near, and trilling and tootling away on some leafless bough, tells us that our climate is not a thing to complain of after all.

In striking contrast to all the stories of the little ruddock are those of the raven, the ravager of the world, who, "horrid with life," sat on the stern of each of the three hundred ships which went with Harold, the Dane, to invade England, the better part of one thousand years ago, and flapped their great black wings and uttered their ominous cry, as they told each other of the red wine and the purple flesh that lay piled on the banqueting tables before them.

The raven was sacred to the Norse god, Saturn, and his was called Raven's Day; the same fancy springing up beneath southern skies, dedicates it also to Chronos, Time; and any leader who took the field on this, the sixth day, would as surely find woe in his path as though he flung out his standard during an eclipse of the moon.

He was also the bird of evil omen in prophecy. When the Macedonian Alexander entered Babylon, from out of the hanging gardens of the fair but evil deeded city, flew ravens innumerable, and his glittering gold clad warriors shrank back, and looked at each other in terror which the combined armies of half the world would not have been able to call up within them. To fight against man—even all men—was possible, but who could raise his hand against the edict of the gods?

This undesirable prerogative of being the bearer of ill tidings has been passed on from hand to hand by the poets from classic times to the present day.

It is curious that all the fancies connected with the swallow—the bird which is ever on the wing, which feeds as it flies, and which until lately was supposed to even rest his little round head and shimmering wing for his midnight slumbers upon a pillow of unconfined air—should be those which are mostly connected with the domestic roof

It wards off the lightning, we are told, with such certainty that the post of metal conductor to the electric fluid is a sinecure until the six months' visit of the swallow is at an end; and a house under the eaves of which they have built will never be attacked by thieves.

It was the swallow, according to legend, who, when Eve and her spouse, sick and sad and sorry for the delight realm, the gates of which they had closed behind them, inadvertently lost each other through having wandered apart to dream for a time alone, brought them together again, and a swallow, too, was the third winged messenger which Noah sent from the Ark to learn whether the raging of the waters was yet assuaged. It was from this reason perhaps that it, along with the favored robin, enjoys the special protection of the guardian angel of the birds.

"The owl shrieked at thy birth; an evil sign," is said to the luckless Henry VI., who was to see the throne wrested from himself and his race, his Queen and his child flying panting and desolate through the land: the one to seek a life long and unhonored exile, the other an early an unavenged death at a caitiff's hand, and to fall beneath a murderer's blow in his own royal palace, which he had known longer as a prison than a home.

Again, "the bird of night did sit, even at noonday, upon the market-place, hooting and shrieking," four-and twenty hours before Cæsar went out to fall under the daggers of friend and foe alike, with his mantel over his face to hide the death agony from the howling crowd around.

Grains of Gold.

A fool is always beginning.

Gravity is the best cloak for sin in all countries.

It is one thing to be tempted, another thing to fall.

An acre of performance is worth the whole world of promises.

A grave, wherever found, preaches a short, pithy sermon to the soul.

We think very few people sensible except those who are of our opinion.

God is better served in resisting a temptation to evil than in many formal prayers.

He who has no mind to trade with the Devil should be so wise as to keep from his shop.

He who is the most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.

In all things reason should prevail; it is quite another thing to be stiff, than steady in an opinion.

Provided that we look to our conscience, no matter for opinion. Let me deserve well, though I hear ill.

What place is so rugged and so homely that there is no beauty, if you only have a sensibility to beauty?

It is always a sign of poverty of mind when men are ever aiming to appear great; for they who are really great never seem to know it.

Femininities.

Beauty—the fading rainbow's pride.

A sweetmeat—The re-union of lovers.

Four teaspoons are equal to one tablespoon.

A woman is never prettier than she wants to be.

A young lady of this city keeps humming birds for pets.

A real, live princess keeps a millinery store in New York.

It is no compliment to a girl to be courted by a foreign fortune hunter.

The most dangerous of all flattery is the inferiority of those about us.

No article less than 1000 years old is admitted to Japanese bric-a-brac shows.

Marriage is only a failure when love goes out the window and selfishness comes in the door.

A new dog is coming into fashion in London. It is the Tartar fox terrier, whose coat is silky, smooth and red.

Equal parts of sweet oil and lime water thoroughly mixed, is said to be the best remedy known for burns and scalds.

The fashion of wearing lace high up to the throat is already much in vogue, and will be still more so during the winter.

Wife, whose husband is rescuing her from drowning: "Shall I keep my mouth shut, John?" Husband: "Yes, if you can!"

A Missouri man has undertaken to put his wife in an insane asylum because her disposition to make presents has become a mania.

The divine right of beauty is the only divine right a man can acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorized to resist.

"Let bygones be bygones" is no sort of a motto for a woman. She would turn her head round to look after a stylish bonnet if it broke her neck.

Lovers are apt to hear through their eyes, but the safest way is to see through their ears. Who was it that said: "Speak, that I may see you?"

Mr. Mendelssohn's wedding march is very popular, but we think he failed to score a greater point when he forgot to write a divorce march.

Caller: "Does Miss De Guzzle live here?" Bridget, who has received her instructions and is following them: "Yis, sorr, she's at home, but she ain't in."

Old maids find themselves treated by the world very much like ordinary second-hand books. They are not old enough to be rare, and not new enough to be dear.

Queen Victoria's long time fondness for the opal has almost dispelled the superstition concerning its bad luck, which has clung to that handsome jewel for generations.

A New York girl dropped dead two hours after having become engaged to be married. It is supposed her death was caused by an attack of heart disease, brought on by joy.

Ethelinda is a very pretty name for a girl, but it shuts her out forever from eating beans, unless she is willing to be an anachronism, or to eat her beans in solitude from the pantry shelf.

Disagreeable moisture of the hands may be overcome by rubbing them several times a day with the following mixture: Tincture of belladonna, half an ounce; eau de Cologne, four ounces.

Don't worry because other people don't manage their business just as you think they ought to. Nine chances out of ten the reason they don't is that they are worrying because you don't manage your business as they think you should.

Miss Susan Winter, of Wheatlands, Mon., has sued a local editor for defamation of character. She is engaged to a young man named Spring, and the editor, in alluding to the fact, quoted the remark about Winter lingering in the lap of Spring.

The Empress of Germany nurses her baby. His father recently created him honorary colonel of a regiment, but in his time he will have to pass through the different grades of the German army, just like any ordinary German young man.

Elderly lady, at railway station: "Which train do I want to take?" Polite conductor: "You will pardon me, madam, for answering your question with another, but the solution of the proposition depends, to a somewhat broad extent, on where you want to go."

Mrs McCorker, to new servant: "The last servant had a bad habit of going into the drawing-room with her young man and sitting there the whole evening. Have you a young man?" New servant: "No, mum; but I might get one with such inducements offered."

The family of Admiral Dupont possesses a much-prized heirloom in the form of a pearl breastpin. This pin has been worn by the brides of the family at their nuptials for over a century past. No one but a bride bearing the Dupont name is allowed to wear the pin. Good luck is believed to accompany the wearer.

Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.

A new plaything, characteristic of the feminine independence of the present day, is the revolver fan, which closely resembles the dangerous weapon, and sets everyone on their guard when the shining barrel is turned towards them. But instead of the expected shot, the pressure on the trigger only projects the pretty crescent shape of a gay fan.

Masculinities.

Piety enjoins no man to be dull.

Too much gravity argues a shallow mind.

Wherever there is a flatterer there is generally a fool.

The wisest man is generally he who thinks himself the least so.

When a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he isn't apt to be talkative.

There is nothing so strong or safe, in any emergency of life, as the simple truth.

There's a yawning difference between some husbands at home and the same abroad.

It is said of one fashionable young man that he never paid anything but a compliment.

No man can be provident of his time, who is not prudent in the choice of his company.

The man who is constantly finding fault is the one who spends all his time looking for faults.

Every time we lift up a fellow being we place another stone in the foundation on which we stand.

It takes an unusually self satisfied man to be arrogant and haughty in a pair of frayed trousers.

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health, is short-lived and apt to have ague fits.

An ounce of keep your mouth-shut is better than a pound of explanation after you have said a thing.

The King of Denmark, who makes punctuality a hobby, is called Christian the [illegible] by his subjects.

The professional philanthropist is a man who will assist any worthy person if other people supply the means.

It is a bad thing to be overwilled. Better have no opportunity than get a place under petticoat government.

It is related of a Lincoln, Neb., man that he journeyed to California in order to see an old enemy executed.

"I hear that old Curmudgeon is sick. Is his illness really serious?" "To him, possibly; not to the rest of his family.

We go to the grave of a friend saying, "A man is dead!" but angels throng about him saying, "A man is born."

In life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief—enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.

When a girl screams and throws her arms around you it is difficult to tell whether she loves you or is merely scared.

The cause of so many defeats in the battle of life is because men try to fight the ought-to-be's instead of the what-is-army.

If thou marry beauty, thou bindeth thyself all thy life for that which, perchance, will neither last nor please thee one year.

Viscount Cranbrook, one of the oldest members of the British peerage, prides himself on never having through his long life read a novel.

As the flaw in a diamond is soonest noticed because it is a diamond, so the fault of a good man is soonest noticed because he is a good man.

A middle name does not do much toward making a great man, but it is the basis of all the claim to greatness that a good many men possess.

Linked sleeve buttons are seen resembling coupled coffee beans, only one will be silver, the other copper-tint, a third gold, a fourth oxidized silver.

If woman did lead man from the paradise of God away back in the Garden of Eden, she is putting forth noble efforts to-day to bring him back again.

Among the miscellaneous articles invented for the promotion of beauty are artificial veins, the wrinkle eraser, and the Carnesiana, which imparts a brilliancy to the eye.

Flattery is an unnerving quality, and leaves a very dangerous impression. It swells a man's imagination, entertains his vanity, and drives him to a doting upon his own person.

We often wonder why some people do not mind their own business. The reason is very simple. In the first place they haven't any business, and in the next they haven't any mind.

Subtract from a great man all that he owes to opportunity and all that he owes to chance, all that he has gained by the wisdom of his friends and by the folly of his enemies, and the giant will often be left a pigmy.

Miss Clara: "It distresses me greatly to cause you pain, Mr. Worchestershire, but I love another." Mr. W.: "Ah, me!" Miss Clara: "I have always supposed that you were interested in Ethel Simpson; she is a noble girl." Mr. W.: "Ah, yes Miss Clara; but I had the same luck with her that I have just had with you."

"There is no use talking, I'm going to get married," said a bachelor acquaintance the other day, while busily engaged in sewing. "Here I have worked just 20 minutes by the watch trying to get this needle threaded, and then, just as I succeeded, I pulled the thread out. Finally I got it threaded, and now, having sewed on this button good and strong, I find I have got it on the wrong side, and I have all my work to do over again."

Charles Geiger, of Lyndhurst, N. J., while talking politics to a couple of neighbors, converted an empty barrel into a seat by laying a shingle across it. During the heated argument which followed, Geiger shifted until the shingle slipped, and he went down into the barrel with his knees doubled up under his chin. The two neighbors tried to pull him out of the barrel, forgetful of the fact that a double row of nails extended into it from the top hoops. He yelled with pain, and then the barrel was taken apart.

Recent Book Issues.

T. S. Peterson & Bros., of this city, have just published a cheap edition for the million, of Emile Zola's new and great work, "The Girl in Scarlet," to sell at twenty-five cents a copy retail. It is one of the best of this great writer's novels.

"Queer People with Wings and Stings," is an elegantly illustrated book of rhymed stories by Palmer Cox. It is a companion to "Queer People with Paws and Claws," and together or alone they make most amusing reading. Hubbard Bros., publishers, Philadelphia.

No heads of families can know too much about the care of children and the great fault at present, with the majority, is that they do not know enough. Dr. Starr's "Hygiene of the Nursery" is an excellent book that will do a great deal towards altering this state of affairs, if read and studied with the attention it well deserves. Blakiston, Son & Co., publishers, 1012 Walnut street, this city.

"The Court of Charles IV." is a Spanish historical romance, by B. Perez Galdos It begins by introducing some characters of the stage and thence extends to various prominent personages of political, church and social life in that country at the beginning of the present century. The plot is not a deep one, but the succession of sprightly pictures of manners and good descriptions, make its reading bright and interesting. Published by Gottsberger, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Quiver for November closes the volume with an interesting and varied table of contents. The serials, "In Her Own Right" and "The Beauforts of Beatrice" couple of bright stories, and there are a End Free Library," in London, described with pen and pencil, and among other articles are "An Hour With Friends at Jordans'," "Christ: the Gentile Worker," "Scripture Lessons for School and Home," "True Manhood," "An Ancient Cathedral City," "The Wheat Covered Grave," "Recent Missionary Adventures in Africa," "The Last Words of St. Paul," "Almsgiving," "Afoot on the Highway," "Growing Gray in the Service," "East End Poverty," several poems, and some crisp matter in the "Short Arrows" department. Many of the articles are illustrated. *The Quiver* is an excellent semi-religious magazine. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for November is an etching by James D. Smillie, after a spirited painting of a Horse Market in Cairo by that popular American painter of original scenes, Frederick A. Bridgeman. The opening paper is by Frederick Wedmore and discusses the merits of John Sell Cotman, an English contemporary of J. W. M. Turner, whose water colors are just now finding appreciation among his countrymen. The Hon. Lewis Wingfield contributes an interesting paper on "Art in the Theatre." Mr. Lewis F Day discusses the important subject of "Art and Handicraft," which paper is followed by a short sketch of the late Frank Holl, R. A., by M. H. Spielmann. This sketch is accompanied by a full-page portrait of Mr. Holl, from the original painting by himself. "The Language of Line" is a paper written and illustrated by Walter Crane, which all art students will find valuable. "Kensington Fifty Years Ago" is gracefully written about and described, and then we come to a second paper on the "Kepplestone Collection," fully illustrated. A copious supply of notes brings the number to a close. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

STRANGE TRADES.—In a great metropolis like New York, the methods by which people earn a livelihood are immensely varied. An old man who goes about from house to house begging for old tin cans, says he makes a very good living by rolling out the sheets and then painting small signs on them. A New Yorker makes an income of $10 000 to $15,000 a year as a broker of manufacturing buildings and sites.

Perhaps the oldest trade is that of the man who goes to the rag-pickers and buys from them all the perfect paper bags which they gather. Paper bags are so cheap, when new, that it would seem impossible that any one could make a living from buying and selling second hand ones. The demand for them, however, is very great among the small fruit stands which are to be found in all of the principal streets.

These fruit dealers, by the way, generally have a secret arrangement with employes in the bag stores, by which they get a generous supply of paper bags in exchange for fruit. This accounts for the fact that on almost every fruit stand can be seen an assortment of bags bearing the imprint of dry goods, grocery and other houses.

AT the French Zoological Garden, a large man leans over towards the pit where the bears are confined. He looses his footing and falls in. Naturally he utters heart-rending cries. The keeper rushes up, and in a voice of reproach says: "Monsieur, it is forbidden to throw anything to the bears."

PRAISE not the day before the evening glow. You may praise Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla for purifying the blood without danger for it brings the glow of health at once. The largest bottle on the market. 120 doses for $1.00. All druggists sell it.

ONLY A MOSQUITO.

BETWEEN the Fraser River in British Columbia and the Yukon River in Alaska lies a mosquito paradise. Here the insect hunts the grizzly bear, the Indian and other big game, and pounces on a stray traveler. No sooner does the snow begin to melt in early spring, than the mosquito is on the warpath; and not until the earth is again icebound does this persistent culex cease its pursuit of prey.

That so small an insect should be so powerful seems incredible.

Every time the little pest is whisked off the hand, it is as if a ten acre field turned topsy-turvy with the human being, yet the mosquito instantly returns to the same spot, humming merrily as ever.

What man of us would be utterly regardless of such an awful earthquake, and do as much?

Never shall I forget my desperate battles with it. But the first encounter is the one most indelibly marked on my memory, and on my body; and even now, after many years, is one of the salient points in by no means a monotonous life.

Another youth and myself had camped on a little water prairie by the Shuswap Lake. Before turning in for the night we made up a "mosquito fire," and after creeping into our respective nets we lit our pipes, knowing what safety there was in tobacco smoke.

But the fire sank, and we got drowsy; and as I knocked out the ashes of my last pipe and curled costly to sleep, I heard what seemed like the drone of bagpipes approaching over the distant horizon. It was the coming culex, and the flying scout immediately scrambled through my mosquito-bar.

Softly it piped its wee war song like a Lilliputian lullaby, whilst taking an appetizing constitutional around its prey. [illegible] now came and went, rising and falling, [illegible] hind my head, now at the other; round before.

Then another of the advance at my feet. [illegible] arrived, then a squadron or two; and then the whole army charged pell-mell.

The net, as a North-West mosquito "bar," was a failure, evidently being made for less gymnastic and more almacle mosquitoes. Gnats skimmed in without touching the meshes, and the leading culex battalions just closed their wings and folded up their legs and were hoisted through by the hosts behind.

What words can describe the tortures I endured that sultry summer's night?—the tossing and the tumbling and the rolling to and fro, the tearing and the scratching!

Next morning, when I looked in the back of my watch—our only looking-glass—I started back in amazement, wondering what manner of man I had become! Even my oldest creditor would never have recognized those frightful features, and the wife of my bosom would have repudiated me as a monstrous imposter.

My watchcase reflected a countenance like a flaming full moon overrun with volcanoes. Was the Pythagorean doctrine true? And had my soul escaped from the mosquito-killed body into somebody else's? Was I now the man in the moon? Was I mad or inebriated with nicotine, and did I see double? Double! Why there were four cheeks on the left side and three on the right, two and a half upper lips, five eyelids, hardly any eyes, a nose and three-quarters, and ears all round the back of my head!

At all events, that was how I appeared in the back of my watch—a most awful reflection! My lips kept getting into my mouth, and my eyelids into the residue of my eyes, while my dissipated nose seemed to fall all over my face.

My skin felt red hot and as tight as a roasting apple's when about to burst, and there was no doctor within hundreds of miles. My elephantine ears put hair-brushing out of the question, and my nobby head was swollen many sizes too big for my hat.

But what can a man do against an intangible insect of neither size or weight to be dealt with? Were it big enough it might be hit with a stick or jumped on—if a man could jump on the nape of his neck or get an acrobatic friend to do it for him.

Had the insect sufficient solidity it could be taken hold off with tongs and put on the fire, or be flattened out with a brick. But the mosquito is simply a microscopic ghost with a big mouth and far too subtle a nature for humanity to grasp; and the cause of its creation, like that of original sin, is still a conundrum.

With equal "sang froid," the North-West mosquito attacks Indians and bears, or slaughters native dogs and such like small game. Of course he can hardly kill a full grown Indian; but should an orphan papoose stray too far from its village, the result is an infant funeral—to a dead certainty.

Instantly seized upon by an insect army, the nude little savage feels itself pierced all over with darts, and opens its mouth for a juvenile war-whoop. But the warning yell has hardly passed the baby's gums, ere the culex reserves hurl themselves in the gap, and fill it full to the very lips.

This Trans-Rocky-Mountain territory also possesses a peculiar black fly and an invisible gnat, whose welcome to strangers almost equals that of the mosquito. Each species of bloodthirsty inhabitants pays its respects in turn, and a mutual aboriginal arrangement prevents the clashing of visiting hours.

COMPLEXION Powder is an absolute necessity of the refined toilet in this climate. Pozzoni's combines every element of beauty and purity.

FACTS ABOUT HONEY.

Honey is the only purely natural sweet in a commercial form. It is the nectar of flowers gathered and stored by the bees, and changed by them to the smooth mellow sweet known as honey. It furnishes the same element of nutrition as sugar and starch—gives warmth and energy. Starch and sugar when eaten, undergo a digestive change before they are assimilated.

In honey this change has been made to a considerable extent by the bees. It is partly digested, easy of assimilation, and concentrated.

The longer honey is on the hive, the more complete is this change. It derives its flavor from the blossoms from which it was gathered.

There is as much difference in honey as in milk or butter, and the same liability of adulteration. Owing to the low prices caused by improved methods and increased production, it is less adulterated than formerly; probably no more than other food products.

When every producer's name is on each package, he thinks as much of producing a good article as does the producer of choice fruit or butter.

As a medicine, honey has great value and many uses. It is excellent in most throat and lung affections, and is often used in place of cod liver oil with great benefit. Occasionally there are found people with whom it does not agree, as is the case with other articles of food; the majority can learn to use it with beneficial results.

Children, who have more natural appetites, generally prefer it to butter with their bread. Honey is a laxative and sedative, and in disease of bladder and kidneys it is an excellent remedy.

It also partakes of the medicinal properties of the plant from which it was gathered. It has much the same effect as wine or stimulants, without their injurious effects, and is unequalled in mead and harvest drinks.

As an external application it is irritating when clear, and soothing if diluted. In [illegible] country places the qualities of honey are appreciated, and it is much used for croup and colds.

In preserving fruit in a natural state, the formic acid it contains makes it a better preservative than sugar syrup. In cooking and confections it is also used.

PUT TO THE TEST.—"Yes, darling," he said, in tones of deep tenderness, "I would do anything to show my love for you."

"Ah!" sighed the gentle maiden, "that's what all men say when they are striving to win a woman's heart."

"Put me to the proof," he exclaimed, in wild, passionate tones—"put me to the proof; test me, and see if I fail. Set me any task within the bounds of possibility, and it shall be performed."

"Ah," she murmured, "if I could only believe you!"

"Put me to the test! Say to me do this or do that, and it shall be done."

"Then I will put you to the test."

"Ah," he exclaimed, exultingly, "you shall behold the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the circumference of my love! What is the test?"

The maiden dropped her snowy lids until the silken lashes rested on the peach blooms of her cheek, a slight smile dimpled the corners of her mouth, and bending over the youth who knelt at her feet, she whispered—

"Marry some other girl!"

DATA OF HISTORY.—When Leopold von Ranke began to collect facts for his history, a singular accident occurred in his native town. A bridge gave way one morning, and some persons were swept away in the current beneath. Von Ranke, who was absent at the time, on his return inquired into the details of the catastrophe.

"I saw the bridge fall," said one of his neighbors. "A heavy wagon had just passed over it and weakened it. Two women were on the bridge and a soldier on a white horse."

"I saw it fall," declared another, "but the wagon had passed over it two hours previously. The foot passengers were children, and the rider was a civilian, on a black horse."

"Now," argued Von Ranke, "if it is impossible to learn the truth about an accident which happened at broad noonday only twenty-four hour ago, how can I declare any fact to be certain which is shrouded in the darkness of ten centuries?"

FACTS IN FIGURES.—Our total wealth of all kinds is estimated at $45,000,000,000. There are five American citizens with private fortunes averaging $50 000 000 each, 50 with $10,000 000, 100 with $5 000 000, 200 with $3 000 000, 500 with $1 000 000 and 1 000 with $500 000. In other words 1,855 persons own $3,000 000 000, or more than twice as much as the actual money in the country.

A less number of men, not to exceed 1,000—railway magnates, princely bankers and heads of vast moneyed corporations—have absolute control equivalent to actual ownership, of $25 000 000 000 more. Less than 3 000 men controlling $28 000,000,000 of the $45,000,000,000 of wealth in the country.

WHAT place is so rugged and so homely that there is no beauty, if you only have a sensibility to beauty.

HAS that Tom Cat scratched my darling's face? Rub it Freddy, with Salvation Oil.

THE best remedy for pulmonary complaints is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cts.

THE DUTCH CANALS.—A curious reminiscence of barge life on the Dutch canals is unexpectedly furnished by the dog show just opened in Brussels. In "Vanity Fair" Thackeray describes the comfort of barge life, and tells the legend of the English traveller who went to and fro between Bruges and Ghent till the opening of the railway stopped the traffic, whereupon he drowned himself on the last trip.

The canal boats, however, still carry on a good deal of waterside trade, and the bargees are found to affect a particular breed of dog. He is called by them a "spits"—a kind of wiry-haired terrier, who watches the boat, keeps down the rat population, plays with the children, and shows no disposition to leave his wandering home. These barges pass through such unfrequented country, and the breed of dogs is so entirely restricted to one class of owners, that their excellence, and, indeed, almost their existence, was a mere tradition in the Belgian capital.

The directors of the exhibition opening a show of native dogs bethought themselves of this breed, and it soon appeared that they existed in plenty in the country. So many were sent in by the different bargees that it was difficult to adjudge their many merits. It is thought the exhibition will be the means of making a new dog fashionable on the Continent.

THE FOREHEAD.—The forehead has a language of its own, says a well-known surgeon. Take a man who has a very retreating forehead, which is low and shallow, you will find him deficient in intellect. If only slightly retreating, you will find him susceptible, very imaginative, as well as humorous and witty. Note a man whose forehead is crossed perpendicularly between the eye-brows with wrinkles of the same length, you may be sure, that he is an ill-tempered man.

Persons possessing poetic and sensitive natures not unfrequently have a blue vein forming a letter "y" in an open, smooth and low forehead. High, narrow, wholly unwrinkled foreheads, over which the skin is tightly drawn, show a weakness of will-power, and a lack of imagination or susceptibility, while foreheads not entirely projecting, but having knotty protuberances, give vigor of mind, and harsh oppressive activity, and perseverance.

LOG CABIN GRANDMOTHERS.

An Indiana doctor has recently discovered in a common weed whose medicinal qualities have never before been suspected, a valuable remedy for bowel disorders.

There is nothing sensational [illegible] about this fact.

Nothing.

And yet the very simplicity of the new discovery would, with some, seem to throw just doubt upon its power. To make it one has only to pour hot water over the leaves of the plant. In its preparation no vast chemical works and appliances are required.

Is it to be wondered at since such plainly prepared remedies are accounted as of such great merit in these days, that such wonderful results attended our grandmothers, whose teas and infusions of roots and herbs and balsams, have exerted so great an influence in the maintenance of health and life?

Certainly not!

The greatest pieces of machinery strike us most by their exceeding simplicity.

The secret of the success of grandmother's remedies was their freshness and simplicity. Every autumn found the little Log Cabin abundantly supplied with fresh leaves, roots, herbs and balsams, which were carefully dried and prepared and laid away for use. Dreading to call a doctor because of the expensiveness of his far-made trips, they immediately gave attention to the disease and routed it before it had gained a foothold.

The old Log Cabin grandmother, in cap and high tucked gown, and perchance bespectacled in rough silver, her weary feet encased in "hum made" slips, is the dear-sweet nurse who rises to the view of many a man and woman to-day as the early years of life pass in retrospect.

The secrets of grandmother's medicines were rapidly being forgotten and the world was not growing in the grace of good health. To restore the lost art of log cabin healing has been for years the desire of a well known philanthropist in whose ancestral line were eight "goodly physicians" of the old style, men who never saw a medical college save in the woods, nor a "medical diploma" except that inscribed on the faces of healthy and long lived patients. Much time and money was expended in securing the old formulæ which to-day are put forth as "Log Cabin remedies,"—sarsaparilla, hops and buchu, cough and consumption, and several others, by Warner, whose name is famous and a standard for medical excellence all over the globe. These oldest newest and best preparations have been recognized as of such superexcellence that to-day they can be found with all leading dealers.

When Col. Ethan Allen was making history along our northern frontier during the revolution, Col. Seth Warner, the fighting Sheridan of that army, who was a skillful natural doctor, used many such remedies, notably like the Log Cabin extract, sarsaparilla and cough and consumption remedy, among the soldiers with famous success.

They are a noble inheritance which we of to-day may enjoy to the full, as did our forefathers, and using, reap, as did they, the harvest of a life full of days and full of usefulness.

Humorous.

TRY AGAIN.

When pretty, pouting lips say "No,"
Don't go
And blow
Your brains all out to simply show
How deep you're plunged in mental woe
And pain;
But bid in Cupid's ambush lie,
Nor cry,
Nor sigh,
Nor say all joy has passed you by,
And when a chance is offered, try
Again.

—U. N. NONE.

Close quarters—The laundry.

A pair of slippers—Two eels.

A scaly trick—Catching a fish.

The best thing out—A big fire.

Small landholders—Flower pots.

A grave offense—Body-snatching.

A fallen star—A dismissed policeman.

Going the rounds—Climbing a ladder.

Felt goods—Bent pins and carpet tacks.

The greatest work of art is to make art pay.

Attending a bawl—Minding the baby's cry.

A successful man on the stump—A good dentist.

A burglar is apt to be as honest as the day is long.

A grinding monopoly—A society of street organists.

The only kind of cake children don't cry after—A cake of soap.

Going out with the tied—A wedding party leaving the church.

A 6 year old child being asked, "What is rope?" replied, "A fat string."

Why is there nothing like leather?—Because it is the sole support of man.

A doctor always remembers kindly his first patient—if the patient lives.

The boy that sprained his uncle had a very lame excuse for not attending school.

"So far so good," as the boy said when he had finished the first pot of his mother's jam.

Which dress suits a lady the longest?—Her house-dress, because she never wears it out.

A mustard plaster is not a very poetic subject, but, ah, how warmly it appeals to a man's feelings!

If writing is indicative of character, some people's characters must be mighty hard to make out.

Dreams go by contraries. But this is something a fellow never can seem to remember when he is asleep.

"I don't see the point, but I realize its full force," said a man when a hornet settled on the back of his neck.

Judge, to the plaintiff: "Who was present when the defendant knocked you down?" Plaintiff: "I was."

She: "And that scar, Major; did you get it during an engagement?" He, absently: "No; the first week of our honeymoon."

Teacher, to class: "Why is procrastination called the thief of time?" Boy, at foot of class: "Because it takes a person so long to say it."

Professor Crams calls a primrose "a dicotyledonous exogen," but he wouldn't do it if the primrose was able to hit back. Some men are terribly overbearing towards the weak.

A paper describes a young lady with hair "as black as a raven's." The ravens weren't wearing any hair to speak of last summer, but we suppose the style has changed since then.

Miss Sistare, to Parisian nobleman: "Are you fond of horses, Count de Boulevard?" Count de Boulevard, hoisting his shoulder blades: "Well, I sink I likes ze roas' bif bettaire. I eats trop de horse in ze siege de Paris."

"Young man," said a cross old lady on a street car, "cerbacker-smoking makes me sick." "It used to make me sick, too, ma'am," replied the young man, lighting a fresh cigar; "but, there, you'll get used to it after a while."

An austere-looking lady walked into a furrier's recently and said to the yellow-headed clerk: "I would like to get a muff." "What fur?" demanded the clerk. "To keep my hands warm, you simpering idiot!" exclaimed the lady.

Master Tommy is sick, and also indisposed to take the prescribed remedy. "Come, my precious," says his mother, "you must swallow your medicine." "I can't." "One always can when one wants to." "But I don't want to."

"You have heard all the evidence," said a judge in summing up; "you have also heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you, your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. But if you are like me, and don't believe what either of them have said, then I'll be hanged if I know what you will do."

God gives every bird its food but does not throw it in the nest. There is food for reflection in the thought that Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla will purify the blood, thus ensuring good health with which may come all blessings. $1 for 120 doses, of all druggists.

POSTAGE-STAMPS.—A metal stamp-box, with a sponge in one end, kept moist from a reservoir of water in the bottom, has been invented for people who object to wetting stamps on the tongue.

WHERE LOG CABINS FLOURISH

A party of American gentlemen, who had been camping out on an island in the great Lake Nipissing, Canada, last summer, were returning in a sail-boat and were yet seven miles from port when the sun went down, and with it the sailing breeze.

A discouraging situation, truly.

"Never mind, I can row you there inside of two hours," said the guide who had charge of the party, as their murmurs arose.

"Why, man, it is seven miles, there are four of us in this heavy boat—it's a big job you undertake," said one.

"No matter, I have done the likes before and I can do it again," cheerfully replied the broad-shouldered Irishman, as he stowed away the sail and bent to the oars. He was a splendid oarsman and the boat was soon under headway again.

"What would I not give to enjoy your health and strength," remarked the Professor.

"Yes, I am pretty healthy, and though I am past sixty I feel as strong as ever," replied the guide. "But only three years ago I stood at death's door, and never thought to pull an oar again. You see, I was in the woods all winter, logging, and I got into the water one day and caught cold. It settled on my lungs and I had a bad cough which hung on till I ran down almost to a skeleton."

"Call in a physician?"

"Yes; I went twenty miles through the bush to see a doctor; he gave me some medicine, but it didn't help me much."

"How was the cure effected?"

"An old Scotch lady, who had come over from the States, gave me a preparation of balsams and herbs, which she said the early settlers in America used, and it soon stopped my cough and put me on my feet again."

One has but to travel along the frontier to learn how easy it is to get along without doctors, and how effective are the natural remedies which the old grandmothers know how to prepare. They often cure where the best physicians fail.

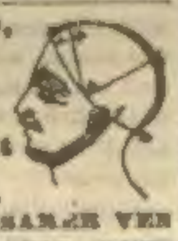
Every mother of a family knows how coughs and colds are quickly and radically cured with syrups and teas made from balsams and herbs which "grandmother taught us how to make."

Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy was, after long investigation into the merits and comparison with other old time preparations, selected from them because proved to be the very best of them all. It has brought back the roses to many a pallid cheek—there is no known remedy its equal as a cure for coughs and colds.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

E. DOLLARD,
1223
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

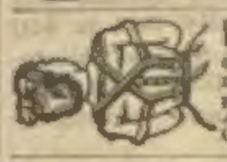
FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

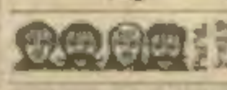
Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.



LADY AGENTS can secure permanent employment at $5 to $10 per month selling Queen City Suspenders. Sample outfit free. Address Cincinnati Suspender Co., 11 E. Ninth St., Cincinnati, O.



Dyke's Beard Elixir forces heavy beard on face, full beard and fine moustache in 28 days. 3 or 5 Packs, in tube, by express or mail $1.00. Warranted satisfactory or Packs for Sale by druggists. Dyke Mfg. Co., Palatine, Ills.

115 | 4 papers assorted | SHARP'S NEEDLES 10 Darning, 9 Toilet, 20 new sample cards, all 10c. Novelty Co., Clintonville, Ct.

WORK FOR ALL. $30 a week and expenses paid. Samples worth $5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine

SEE HERE! Why not save one half on 1000 useful articles? Send for Catalogue. Big pay to agents. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 20 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

New York
Co-operation Reduces Cost
A Watch for $38
Fully EQUAL for Accuracy, Durability, Appearance and Service, to any $75.00 Watch.
Philadelphia's building associations have done much toward building it up and making it the city of homes. The same system of co-operation carefully & economically managed, has built up The Keystone Watch Club Co. until they are now selling more Watches to consumers than all others combined. They handle only the
Keystone Dust-proof Watch
which is deservedly regarded as the crown and climax of Pennsylvania's manufactures. This Watch contains every essential to an accurate timekeeper, and many important improvements patented by the Company. They are Dust and Damp Proof, a quality possessed by no other movement in the world. Jewelled with genuine rubies. Patent Stem Wind & Set, strongest and simplest. Sold through authorized agents at $38.00. Either all cash down or $1.00 per week.
An Ajax Watch Insulator given free with each Watch.
Keystone Watch Club Co
Main Office in Company's Own Building,
904 Walnut St.
PHILADELPHIA, PA
Agents Wanted
AJAX
Watch Insulator,
$2.00
A perfect protection against magnetism. Fits any watch. Sent by mail on receipt of price.
We refer to any Commercial Agency
904
WALNUT ST.
PHILA.
OUR
$10 14-Karat Gold Filled CHAIN
is guaranteed to wear 20 Years, and is Sold 14-Karat Solid Gold
Look for the stamps
—K. W. C. Co. 14 K. F'LD.—
and buy the BEST.

Your Name on 50 Fancy & 10 Floral Assorted, 5c. Premium Pictures, 40c. Glen Card Co., Clintonville, Conn.

GOLD WATCHES.
100 GIVEN AWAY.

To introduce our new goods and Calaloumes at once we make this grand offer. We will give the person telling us the longest verse in the Bible (book and chapter) before January 1st, 1889, a solid gold watch Hunting Case Stem Winder, worth $75. If there is more than one correct answer we will give the second a solid gold watch worth $60, the third a solid gold watch worth $50, the fourth a solid gold watch worth $40, the fifth a solid gold watch worth $30. Each of the next 20 if there are that many correct answers a very handsome hunting case, new style shell pattern gold finished Watch valued at $20, each, each of the next 75 persons will receive a beautiful gold plated watch worth $10 each. With your answer send 30 cents for which we shall send you a sample lot of our new holiday goods, as follows: 10 pieces full size 1 sheet music, 100 new designs in fancy work, 250 new mottoes and verses for albums, cards and valentines, 75 new tricks in magic, 25 choice home games, 60 Puzzles and rebuses, the great $500 prize Chinese Book, 200 funny pictures, 26 artistic letters for fancy work, 25 life like pictures of Presidents, Poets, Statesmen, etc. The great game of Fortune, The seventh book of Moses. The seven wonders of the world. All the different flirtations. The game of Fox and Geese, the game of Nine Penny Morris, the Deaf and Dumb alphabet, the fortune telling tablet. Remember, we send you securely packed and post-paid all the above goods. Money refunded if not more than satisfactory. Mention this paper. Enclose 30 cents. Address KIRTLAND BROS. & CO., P. O. Box 3240. No. 79 Nassau St., N. Y.

FREE.

EDUCATIONAL.

PACKER INSTITUTE,
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

THE RESIDENT HOME FOR PACKER INSTITUTE PUPILS.

The number of students not living in Brooklyn who have wanted to enter Packer Institute has made it desirable that a home should be provided especially adapted to this necessity. This home, which has been so successfully conducted for a number of years, will be in the future under the management of Mrs. N. S. De Saussure.

For her special fitness for the duties of this office, Mrs. De Saussure receives the most emphatic endorsement of the Institute.

Her qualities of character, her social position, and her five years' experience as Assistant Lady Principal at Vassar College, have won for her success and merited approval in the social training of young ladies.

In the autumn of 1888 Mrs. De Saussure will open her spacious, cheerful and elegant house, No. 167 Montague street, two minutes' walk from the Institute. Under her care the comforts of a well appointed home will be secured to young ladies, a careful and constant oversight of their studies, and such tender care as will make it a home in its literal sense, combined with the social advantages that form so important a part of a woman's symmetrical education.

Parents who have hesitated to send their daughters to a boarding-school can feel assured that they transfer their maternal care to one especially gifted for assuming such a responsibility.

Students graduated from the Institute and similar schools, and wishing to pursue a post graduate course, will also be received, and those wishing to give special attention to music and art. They will have excellent instruction in these branches, with opportunities for development of correct taste through the art collections, public rehearsals and concerts, that only a large city can supply.

Mrs. De Saussure will be [illegible] will be pleased above, after [illegible] of pupils who wish to apply for membership of her family.

Meanwhile she may be addressed care of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. De Saussure cites, by permission, the following

REFERENCES:

T. J. BACKUS, LL. D., Packer Collegiate Institute.
REV. EDWARD LATHROP, D. D., Stamford, Ct.
BENSON J. LOSSING, LL. D., Dover Plains, N. Y.
REV. J. RYLAND KENDRICK, LL. D., 44 Irving Place, N. Y. Trustees of Vassar College.
MISS ABBY F. GOODSELL, Lady Principal of Vassar College.
PROF. MARIA MITCHELL, Vassar College.
PROF. W. S. DWIGHT, Vassar College.
PROF. L. C. COOLEY, Vassar College.
PROF. H. VAN INGEN, Vassar College.
Misses BONNEY and DILLAYE, Oconto, Fla.
REV. C. H. HALL, D. D., 167 Montague st., Brooklyn.
PROF. ROBERT R. RAYMOND, 128 Henry st., Brooklyn.
MR. WM. THAW, Pittsburgh, Pa.
HON. WADE HAMPTON, Washington, D. C.
MR. W. P. HALLIDAY, Galena, Ill.
MR. H. L. HALLIDAY, Cairo, Ill.
MR. P. J. PELZER, Charlestown, South Carolina.

SECRETS OF THE TOILET. A little book sent free for 2-cent stamp, containing valuable recipes, explaining how ladies can become beautiful, every method as reliable as it is simple, more than thirty different paint, powder, or cosmetic secretions. Address
HARGRAVE TOILET CO., 3 Temple Place, Boston.

987 Different Styles and Sizes Cards, Fancy Patterns, Popular Names, Verses to Suit, one pack of Elegant Cards, and large Illustrated Book of gems and Cards, (each different,) All for a 2 cent stamp. Eureka Card Co., Cadiz, Ohio.

75 CARDS. Silk Fringe Cards, 10 Floral Cards, 10 Gem Cards, 10 Motto Cards, 10 Chromo Cards, 10 Fancy Cards, and Floral Complete Book of Games, Verses, Parlor Games, etc., all for 10 cents. Home Card Works, Station O, Cleveland, Ohio.

SECRETS FOR LOVERS! A book for PRIVATE perusal, only 10c. Western Pub. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS For INVENTORS! Send for Pamphlet.
PATRICK O'FARRELL, Att'y at Law, Washington, D. C.

TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of inestimable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 1's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

At this time of year an outdoor garment is generally worn; the long paletot, the short jacket or ulster coat. Smart looking jackets are within reach of everybody, as far as price is concerned.

The newest shapes have revers on each side which turn open, and these are not usually fastened in any way. Warmer and more serviceable jackets are those waistcoats, the single-breasted ones fastening diagonally. They slip on better if lined with satin. Fancy and plain cloths are the materials used. Short silk mantles reaching to the waist are also useful. All of these require to be well put on.

How few skirts hang evenly! and a satisfactory dress improver is hardly to be seen among the middle classes. Look round where many women assemble, and note how few pads, bustles, or whatever it may be, are put on evenly, or the draperies over them evenly. How few veils are pinned on exactly straight, or the hair beneath arranged with any thought as to the head-covering to be placed upon it.

Simple woolen gowns are the best town wear at present. Washing dresses are so seldom clean they are an eyesore.

The skirt can be made in one long piece over a foundation edged with an invisible pleated flounce and caught up on either side; the material falls in easy semi-circular folds in front, and in straight lines at the back; it is puffed at the waist as much as three extra inches in length will admit. A Norfolk bodice is thoroughly useful trimmed each contrasting bodice should be for example, crossing diagonally is perhaps the most trim-looking.

Hats are now more generally worn than bonnets, and the toque, which suits most women, and is well adapted for using a piece of the same stuff as the gown is made of; the brim is covered with velvet.

The gown is most simply arranged, with a pretty striped gray and blue vicuna. The under-skirt is full and plain with revers fastened with buttons as large as a quarter. The over-skirt forms a point in front and falls straight at the back.

The bodice is perfectly plain, with a chamois leather waistcoat—one of the most useful kinds. The coloring throughout is electric blue and beige; the outdoor jacket is blue, single-breasted and braided, made in the finest cloth, and standing up well in the neck.

Another design shows how the best washing dresses are being made, and should any of my readers have bought materials at the sales, which they desire to utilise in a style that will not be unfashionable next year they should copy it.

It has many distinctive points. At the foot is a bouillonne of the material carried to the back breadth, and standing out well round the feet in front; the over-skirt is gathered to the waist with a narrow heading and is draped into pleats at either side.

On the right these pleats are almost hidden by a looped sash of watered ribbon. The full bodice is not gathered on the shoulders but in the immediate front, at the neck and waist, and the fulness disappears in a corselet bodice of white watered silk edged with pleating; this starts beneath the arms and crosses in front, being edged with a kilting.

Many such additions are being introduced within a year, and have been made with various kinds of shot poplin and watered silk. Properly cut, they greatly curtail the apparent size of the waist.

The sleeve has a short over one, like a classic sleeve; and the collar, though still high, is turned down on the neck.

For outdoor wear the parasol is made of the same material as the dress, which has a floral Pompadour pattern all over, and may be either muslin, mousseline de laine, foulard, or poplinette—for all are well worn.

The newest wraps are very long, with voluminous sleeves and elaborate garnitures. The materials used are mostly plush and velvet; but we took particular notice of a matelasse that was fit for a prin-

The goods was the same that was so very fashionable six or seven years ago only it was in two colors. So those people who were sensible enough to keep their matelasse wraps this year ought to be happy and smiling, as they are much more handsome and expensive than a plush or velvet. Short wraps will be worn to some extent, of course, and especially for the fall wear.

No one can complain that there is much sameness in the new goods for, in truth, the variety is endless, and they are not only suited to all tastes but to all purposes and all climates.

Plaids are here again, but in new designs. The colors as well as the forms are curious; green, red and blue appearing in one, green and yellow in another block. Checks run through stripes with knickerbocker flecks on shaded stripes as though the original fancy of the designer had been lost and had been only partially recovered.

On some of the newest plaids there is a woven motif detached and scattered, as though some huge beetle had crawled over it, somewhat indistinct in form.

Contrasting colors appear like flowers jerked over the grounds, or in broken irregular lines, forming indistinct and extended checks.

The more dressy and costly autumn materials have woolen grounds with ribbon stripes having a positive edge or wider and more important stripes which serve for panels. They are as expensive as the best silks, but only a small quantity is required. Sometimes this silk is a mixture of stripes and checks, and in lieu of stripes and checks some show silk cashmerienne patterns, there is an infinite variety in this class of goods, and all are handsome.

Another new thing is the dress pieces with a pattern going round the skirt, quite half a yard deep, which appear to be worked in a cross-stitch in black silk in either red, brown, blue and green.

Low-crowned aureole hats with brim framing the face are made for the demi-season in black and Suede-colored straw, or, better still, in felt that may be worn all winter. These hats are very low in the back of the crown, and require the low Gabegan braids of hair that French women have already adopted.

The brim of a black felt aureole hat is little lan-pleated velvet, and a coquettish nest the face, on which are added inside tiny black birds, placed with their heads downward, as if flying at the wearer. The crown has a band and loops in front, of green ribbon shaded in stripes, and holding the long slender plumage of a large black bird.

Matelasse cloakings and brocatelles of a thickness that the figures are raised as if quilted are brought out in old colorings not used when such fabrics where last in vogue; the raised designs of leaves and arabesques are in black outlined with rich cashmere colors, and the ground of Gobelin or of silver gray or brown has the fine royale powdered effect. Armure figures of three or four different sizes are woven in a single wide stripe, and damask figures are upon it—a handsome design for dark silver gray and rich black silks.

A pretty way of making up a fancy woolen dress for the fall is the following: Have an underskirt made up of lining or any cheap material, but with a panel of plaited silk laid over the left side, and a deep fluting of the same all round its foot. Then have a double skirt of fancy woolen open on the left side over the plaited panel, draped at the back, and gathered in to a round-waisted bodice.

The fronts of this bodice should be of fancy woolen material and silk, draped over a plain lining and crossed. The back plain, of woolen material only. In front a silk sash, commencing on the right side and finished on the left, close to the opening of the skirt. The sleeve should form a double puffing of woolen material over a plain sleeve of silk. Turned-up collar, formed of a draped ribbon, finished at the side with a bow.

Odds and Ends.

ABOUT SALADS.

Before giving receipts for salads and savories, perhaps it would not be out of place to give a few hints about the preliminaries for them.

Anchovies find a place in so many dishes that it is as well to know how to bone and fillet them: olives are in constant requisition, so we must know how to stone and farce them, and various kinds of salad dressing are necessary.

To begin with, here are a few simple directions for preparing anchovies:

Those preserved in brine are generally used for savories, and after the bottle is opened they will keep for a long time if only the brine is saved to cover them. Therefore they are not extravagant, but very useful things to have at hand, as only a few are needed at a time. They are generally put head downwards in the bottle, and should be carefully pulled out, one by one, by their tails, sometimes it is necessary to pour off the brine to get at them, but this should always be replaced after using.

As they are taken out they should be dropped into a basin of cold water and left there a few moments, then pushed into fresh, in which rub off the scales. Next with the thumb divide them down the middle, remove the bone, which will easily come away, starting from the head and drawing it down to the tail, then all the soft part must be rubbed away from the gills, and the fish being now clean should be wiped dry in a cloth.

To fillet them tear the fish lengthwise in half, then again from end to end of each half, dividing them in the centre, just where the bone comes, and four fillets are obtained from each fish, these being subdivided if necessary.

To stone an olive a small sharp knife is needed, which must be slanted into the olive to the stone, then cut round and round, taking care to keep the knife close to the stone till the olive is cut in a spiral form, the stone will drop out, and the olive will resume its natural shape. The place of the stone is filled with such things as anchovies, or anchovy butter, lobster butter, etc.

A nice salad dressing for ordinary or Russian salads is made by pounding the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, in a mortar with a pinch of salt, and half a teaspoonful of raw mustard, when these are well incorporated adding slowly three tablespoonfuls of oil and very slowly indeed an ounce of vinegar and a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar.

A good Mayonnaise sauce can be made by beating the yolks of eggs on a plate and adding very slowly oil till the mixture thickens, beating all the while; and, lastly, a very little vinegar.

Cream may be substituted for oil when it is easily obtainable and not too dear; and those who like their salad dressing sweet will find half a teaspoonful of condensed milk a nice addition.

Here is a receipt for a salad dressing in which it occurs: Put into a mortar a teaspoonful of milk, another of made mustard and the yolk of an egg, and blend well together; next add a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce, and the same of tarragon vinegar, then a tablespoonful of salad oil, very slowly all the time, then a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar, and two ounces of ordinary vinegar drop by drop; and, lastly, three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, drop by drop, whisking all the while.

Aspic jelly is such a nice and pretty addition to so many little savory dishes that a receipt for it may be found useful. Here is one which is economical and but little trouble:

Simmer in two quarts of water in which has been put one of the smallest pots of Leibig, two shalots, a little celery seed, thyme, two bay leaves, a carrot, and an onion stuck with cloves, and let the stock get well flavored with vegetables; then add a glass of sherry, the rind of a lemon, a few drops of Chili vinegar, and a dessertspoonful of tarragon. Put a small packet of gelatine to swell in a cup of water; then stir it with the stock till it is dissolved, then add the beaten whites of two eggs, and let all boil up, when it should be set by the side of the fire to simmer for about half an hour, and then strained through a jelly-strainer till clear.

Eggs boiled for salad should be given a quarter of an hour to cook, and when taken out put into cold water that the shells may be afterwards easily removed without breaking the whites. The fault of many bad salads lies in the washing of the vegetables when these are lettuces or endive. Although it is absolutely necessary that these should be perfectly clean, still as little water as possible should be used in getting them so, for it is very difficult to thoroughly dry them after they have been immersed.

We have often seen a beautiful lettuce with plenty of heart thrown ruthlessly into a large basin of water when it scarcely needed washing at all. A good plan is to cut the lettuce (assuming it is fresh, as it ought to be for salad) in half, then pull off the leaves one by one, examining them carefully, and removing any specks, and the result of this is generally that it will only be the outside leaves which will require any washing, and these being flat and large can be easily and thoroughly dried.

Potato Salad.—Bake eight good size potatoes and peel them, when cold slice them into a salad bowl with a couple of onions and pepper and salt; pour over them a large glass of claret and stir well, then add about a dessertspoonful of vinegar, and four tablespoonfuls of oil, and mix all thoroughly together.

An old observer tells us that one's eyebrows are an infallible guide to his age. No matter, he says, how young looking the person may be, if his eyebrows lack a gloss and do not lie flat and smooth, he is no longer a young man.

Confidential Correspondents.

READER.—Jean Jacques Rousseau was a French author of the last century. He was born in the year 1712 and died in 1778. His "Confessions" are a highly colored story of his life.

REX.—All account books and foolscap paper is ruled by machinery. The machine is over a hundred years old, having been invented in the year 1772, though it has been many times improved upon since that time.

FINGERS.—A baby's finger nails require cutting as much as any grown person's; there is a ridiculous superstition that it is unlucky to do it, but any sensible mother will know for herself how foolish such absurdities are.

CLEOPATRA.—A hot iron and a piece of coarse brown paper will remove grease spots as effectually as anything from any material with a smooth surface. It is difficult to say what to use unless the material is specified.

R. A. J.—As a rule you would offer your left arm to a lady, that you may have your right hand and arm free; but in going in to dinner either arm might be offered, as it would depend on which side of the lady you were standing when dinner was announced.

BEATIE.—The origin of the superstition that it is unlucky to sit down to table where the party numbers thirteen, is said to date back in a confused sort of way to the "Last Supper," where twelve apostles sat down with the Saviour and one of them betrayed Him.

JOHN JONES.—There are many places in the city where you can hire dress suits, or indeed costumes of any kind; you will see advertisements, from tradesmen who supply them, in almost all the daily papers. 2. Quicklime is lime that has not been slacked, fresh from the kiln.

GASMAN.—The idea of lighting with gas is as old as the latter part of the seventeenth century. Gas was prepared from a certain class of coal as early as the year 1691, but no practical use was made of it. Experiments were continued to be made until gas lighting was practically invented in 1792.

GRETA.—A duke is addressed as "His Grace the Duke of;" in speaking, "My Lord Duke," or "Your Grace." A marquis is addressed as "The Most Honorable the Marquis of," and spoken to as "My Lord Marquis." An earl is styled "The Right Honorable the Earl of;" spoken to as "My Lord."

BYRON.—By all accounts, there was nothing special about Byron's "Maid of Athens." She was a Greek girl of the ordinary type. Probably the poet invested her with some charm born of his own imagination, and wrote the poem which has immortalised her in a certain way under the influence of the spell.

FORSAKEN.—If the young man has behaved as you say, he is hardly worth another thought from any sensible girl. Remember the old saying, "There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." The right man will come along some time, and you will never regret what has disappointed you a great deal of pain just now.

SPIFKINS.—There is nothing unusual in your rate of pulse. Acceleration of the pulse is often caused by nervousness or mental emotion; indeed, some of the most violent cases of palpitation where the heart absolutely runs riot are from this cause. It is also a sign of debility. You would do well not to fidget about the rate of your pulse, as by the fact of your paying so much attention to it you are likely to upset its regularity.

ATLED.—"Astarte" is the name of the Phœnician [illegible] the Ashtoreth of the Syrians. She was represented as "the queen of Heaven," with the crescent horns of the moon. Her worship was introduced into Jerusalem by Solomon. The 400 priests of Jezebel mentioned in I Kings are supposed to have been employed in the services of Ashtoreth or Astarte; and 300 priests were in the temple at Hierapolis, in Syria many ages afterwards.

JOHN C.—The martin and the swallow are two different birds; both are migratory, and they resemble each other in many ways. Both build under the eaves of houses, and there is a country superstition that their appearance at a house for the first time brings "good luck" to the dwelling and its inmates. Precise housekeepers would rather be without them; they bring plenty of dirt to the window sills and doorsteps; but it is pretty to watch the building of their nests.

YUM YUM.—Mikado is the title of the Emperor of Japan. 2. The soubriquet "Brother Jonathan," as applied to the people of this country, dates as far back as the time of Washington, and came from his friend Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut, on whose business abilities he greatly relied and whom he was in the habit of consulting on all occasions. To "consult Brother Jonathan" passed into a proverb and in time grew into the national name of the Americans, as John Bull is that of the English people.

STUPID.—It is pleasant to know that anything we have said or advised has been acceptable to you. Again we advise you to keep on persevering; something will turn up for you yet. Even the unsatisfactory state of things at present is better than nothing at all. Do not lose heart; no one is a failure in the world that looks life fairly in the face and resolves to do the best they can with it. It is sometimes a drawback to be small, but there are plenty of things that little people with brains can do a great deal better than big folks with none. Do not give up trying, and the sunshine will come by-and-by, perhaps when you least expect it.

"T."—Leaves can be dried by a very simple process. Gather them on a fine day, and carry them home in a tin box. Should the leaves be damp, stand the stalks in a cup containing water, to keep them alive till dry. Should the stems be sappy and the leaves thick they must be plunged in hot water to kill them before being placed in the drying press. When quite ready, place them between layers of botanical paper, having first carefully spread out the leaves, and lay in the press. At first a gentle weight should be applied, which should be increased as the plant dries. The paper should be removed every second day; the old pieces can be dried and used again. When all the moisture has gone and the flower is flattened, it may be mounted on a sheet of paper either by means of thread or gum. By this method the leaves will remain their color. 2. It is said that a lotion made of twenty grains of hyposulphite of soda in an ounce of water and applied with soft linen or sponge will remove freckles.